THE COMMONWEAL

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GETTING TO THE BOTTOM

WE BELIEVE that Mr. Hoover's letter to President-elect Franklin D. Roosevelt was inspired by sincerely patriotic motives. The tumult of the election over, Americans are in a position to face the important problems which for the time being had almost been forgotten. A clear mandate from the people now orders the government to proceed, regardless of difficulties and partizan factions. What could be more helpful, therefore, than to map out the attitude of the next administration to disarmament, war debts and a projected world economic conference? While we are not in a position to know whether the measure of coöperation proposed is practicable, we are sure that the immediate cause of Mr. Hoover's action—Europe's request for a new deal on war debts—raises one of the truly vital questions of the day. Campaign debating could momentarily obscure the radical meaning of this issue. It was as if in a case of organic disease menacing the very life of a patient all the doctors and nurses, all the relatives and friends, of the sick man should have spent all their energies in wrangling over the minor symptoms, and the question of their treatment, meanwhile deliberately ignoring the disease itself. That attitude will now change.

During the closing weeks of the campaign, both Mr. Owen D. Young and Mr. Newton D. Baker addressed great audiences on the subject of the "either-or" which in their opinion confronted the nation after the war. Both men are rightfully established as leaders of public opinion. And here, in a nutshell, is what they had to tell us: When 1919 came round, the United States was firmly established as banker to the world. It was also, at least in a measure undreamed of previously, manufacturer and producer of goods which a Europe wrestling fiercely with tasks of reconstruction consumed in enormous quantities. How could it continue to be both at the same time? Since production is the only source of wealth, the debtor peoples would eventually have to create and sell services and merchandise, or they would have to grow poorer and so eventually unable to meet their financial obligations.

This dilemma was not formulated during the campaign. Book after book, magazine article after magazine article, tried to drum some realization of it into the collective American head. A debtor nation must succeed in building up a favorable balance of trade if it is not to default on its loans. And Mr. Baker has been quite right in saying that the failure of political

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and industrial leadership in the United States to recognize the fact is the basic calamity underlying the depression. We as a people hastened to increase our stake in Europe by billions of dollars, but meanwhile we erected barbed wire entanglements against the trade of those who owed us money. When the year 1930 dawned, we began to get rude practical demonstrations of the erroneousness of our method. Retaliatory tariff barriers commenced to appear. The war debt question so shaped itself that the only possible answer was a moratorium, and then later on the Lausanne agreement put the finishing touches to the reply. When Mr. Hoover said that the failure of Austria's greatest bank "intensified" the depression here, he was perfectly right. But he was right only because this collapse was more evidence to the effect that the horns of the dilemma on which America had impaled itself were filled with powder.

So far so good. But what can be done about it now? "I venture the statement," said Mr. Young, "that we shall have to reduce competitive trade barriers to preserve the world's sanity." And therewith is raised the most stirring economic issue of the times. Our industry has always relied upon the protective tariff to stabilize the prices of manufactured goods and so to allow handsome profits. Are we now to bid this sovereign remedy farewell, and allow the markets of this country to be "overrun" by foreign merchandise? The mere mention of such a thing begets a panic in numerous minds. And indeed a government which set out to slash customs and let in floods of goods from Europe would be acting in a precipitate and foolhardy way. It is easy to add up lists of "retaliatory tariffs" and to suggest that an international conference could balance these one against another and so establish a measure of free trade. The plain fact of the matter, however, is this: We have built up in this country a standard of living based on higher wages and freer spending; this standard is now threatened by overproduction and unemployment; and the increased sale of Europe-made merchandise would almost automatically, at least for the time being, make for still further excess production and unemployment.

We believe, of course, that under Mr. Hoover's management the tariff device has been handled with a manifest lack of intelligence. There are numerous instances—laces, leather, china—of outright design to rob the consumer to the advantage of manufacturers who will on doomsday itself be unable to furnish the public with the things it wants. But we acknowledge our inability to see how a government could begin now to lower tariffs sufficiently to have any real effect on the "dilemma" presented to us. Trade expansion, yes. Everything depends on that. But the productive apparatus of the world is now mechanized and organized to a point where only a universal increase of buying power could keep it working all the time. And just how would a lowering of tariff barriers automatically increase that buying power?

Let us get back to the dilemma. During the prosperity decade, it was the profit earned by American capital which literally kept the world going. Foreign countries remained on an even keel because though we of the United States received huge sums for merchandise, interest and amortization, we loaned enough back again to balance the ledger. Our tariffs were high, but still not too high to permit the sale here of large quantities of merchandise made elsewhere. Finally, our tourists spent vast sums abroad. It really was not as bad a system as many now believe it to have been. There were just three major and in our opinion fatal faults. First, the war-time loans which afterward became German reparations had been granted on false premises and had political implications of the gravest kind. Second, the interest rates charged for loans to foreign countries were much too high, and are at the present time among the chief obstacles to world recovery. Third, the supervision of these loans was amateurish, speculative and extravagant. Huge sums were turned over to governments, municipalities and concerns which offered little or no tangible security.

A brief glance at these three is all that can be attempted here. The war debts were automatically disposed of when they were turned into German reparations. The government of the United States fought hard to prevent that turn and failed. But once the thing had happened, no power on earth could make them either collectible or advantageous. These loans should therefore be cut to the bone at once in a frank bid for good-will and reconstruction. We believe that the world's leading creditor nation can stake that much on the future. Second, the United States can avoid inflation only in one of two ways: either by carrying through the process of deflation to the last bitter drop —a process which involves the deflation of every loan made at home or abroad to at least 50 percent of its value—or by reducing the cost of money. Every long- or short-term issue of international credit should be rewritten to bear half the interest now charged. Third, there must be developed a competent and rigid government supervision of investment banking. This will necessarily have as one of its most important functions the curtailment of speculative use of credit. After these things have been done, there will be time to approach in a sane and reconstructive manner such questions as the tariff and disarmament.

Suppose we ask ourselves why Great Britain and Germany have been much more exposed to the worst effects of the depression than has France. The reason is primarily not one of failing to sell merchandise abroad. That has helped, of course, particularly during recent months because a panicky Republican administration slashed about in the custom-house like a scared man in a haunted house. But the explanation is essentially this: in Britain and Germany, the sums due on outstanding obligations dried up earning and purchasing power. Taxes and interest charges left everybody unable to buy. Therefore it has been relatively easy

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for a nation with no such charges—e.g., France—to maintain its own purchasing power and to suffer only from the general world-wide loss of trade.

We therefore earnestly favor an immediate and thorough revision of our status as a creditor nation. The sooner the whole structure of international obligations is carefully inspected and rebuilt, the sooner will we all be able to trade profitably and to go to bed without fearing that a Communist riot somewhere will upset the whole social order. And we make this suggestion the more earnestly because we believe that no intelligent American opposes it on principle. There has been a lot of chauvinistic talk and a world of retreating before it. But if the recent elections showed anything, it was the determination of the people to push together for the accomplishment of some decisive remedial action. We believe that such action is possible. And for those who doubt it, we suggest a rereading, in the light of the above remarks, of that splendid address which Senator Carter Glass added to the supply of truly first-rate political oratory.

WEEK BY WEEK

THE RECENT Democratic landslide is diagnosed in the present issue by Charles Willis Thompson, whose many years of experience enable him to see events in historical perspective and with unusual objectivity. When, however, Mr. Thompson declares that large numbers of "conservative" voters cast their ballots for the successful candidate, he immediately raises the question as to how the word "conservative" ought to be defined. Obviously the "protest voters" in New York City who wrote in the name of Mr. McKee were "conservative" in the sense that they wanted no fooling with the taxpayers' money; but they were also "liberal" in seeking earnestly to defeat routine machine government. To our mind, the chief curiosity of the campaign was Governor Roosevelt's endeavor to propose a new definition of "liberalism," to which such men as Mr. Owen D. Young and Senator Hiram Johnson could rally. The first of these eminent citizens seems to employ the word in its standard English sense; the second is a somewhat romantic individualist, committed to the doctrine of keeping men free from servitude to great powers and dominations which profess to be government. Neither they nor the Governor can be termed "radical." And to tell the truth there isn't much visible radicalism in the United States. The Norman Thomas campaign was a complete flop. Despite the enormous quantities of publicity it received, the vote for Socialism even in New York was hardly any less meager than it would have been if no four years of privation had been endured. And as for Communism, the indifference of the voter to the creed of Moscow is impressively complete. Though the whole vote has not yet been counted as we write, the totals are impressive. Between the more than six million plurality rolled up for Mr. Roosevelt and the "radical" vote there is no comparison.

Curiosities of the Election

UNUSUAL readiness was shown in many states to divide allegiance and to move against "trends." The signal failure of the *Literary Digest* poll in Pennsylvania—a failure compensated for by at least three score perfect hits—cannot well be attributed to the last hour battle by Mr. Hoover. Presidential oratory was aimed at the Middle West, where in the final weeks of the campaign a "trend" to Republicanism was noticed in many places. Wisconsin especially was reported to be "swinging back." Nevertheless the states round about Chicago went overwhelmingly Democratic, whereas Pennsylvania did not. All of us will be deeply interested in the *Digest* explanation, which may show the significance of a poll tax in poverty-stricken districts. That gubernatorial or senatorial candidates elsewhere succeeded where the presidential ticket failed is not so astonishing. Despite appearances, voters are often more influenced by "personalities" than one thinks. The signal victory of Governor Cross in Connecticut is a splendid instance, but one which would probably not be duplicated in many states. All in all, the political panorama is far from having been done in monotonous monochrome.

The Scottsboro Reversal

MORE than a year ago, we briefly reviewed here the main features of what has come to be known as the Scottsboro case: the trial and death sentence, in the Alabama town of that name, of seven young Negroes ranging in age from sixteen to twenty, for the assault of two white women. (Two of the original nine defendants were dismissed, one by reversal of decision, one by acquittal.) We stated then, on the basis of as judicious a reading as was possible of the tangled and contradictory testimony and news stories, that there seemed at least a strong presumption that the trials had been unfairly conducted: to cite but one of several more than dubious factors, all the trials were concluded in a single day. We likewise recorded a protest, whatever the facts, against the severity of the sentence, though we understand that it is mandatory in that state upon that particular conviction. That radical groups in this country and abroad have left nothing undone, before or since the trial, to inflame racial resentment and capitalize the "unfairness and corruption of American courts," did not, of course, alter the facts. The Supreme Court of the United States has now reversed the ruling of the Alabama State Supreme Court on the case, and ordered a retrial on the grounds that "due process of the law" was not observed originally.

WITH only two judges dissenting, our highest tribunal finds that sufficient opportunity for securing counsel and preparing defense was not allowed these boys, and enumerates the circumstances that aggravated this

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fact in the eyes of justice: "the ignorance and illiteracy of the defendants, their youth, the circumstances of public hostility, the imprisonment and the close surveillance of the defendants by the military forces, the fact that their friends and families were all in other states and communication with them necessarily difficult, and above all, that they stood in deadly peril of their lives." The whole opinion deserves careful reading. It says nothing, and implies nothing, as to the guilt or innocence of the defendants; but, though it is a pronouncement upon technicalities, it is not legalistic but lofty; though quite impersonal, it is deeply humane. It is, in fact, a fine testimonial to the quality of mind of the only men in our country from whom there is no appeal. And it falls with peculiar eloquence upon the noisy and feverish publicity and propaganda which this case has caused internationally. It should quiet the angers and fears of those minority groups of our citizens—especially the Negroes—who have felt that the original Scottsboro decision was a bitter miscarriage of justice, and a most sinister precedent. The Supreme Court, by its pointed criticism of that decision and by its incalculable prestige, gives as close a guarantee as can be given that the next trial will be fair. And its clear and august reminder of the sacredness of human rights will extend its effects, happily, far beyond that one trial. That such a reminder is now socially and psychologically valuable goes without saying; but far more important is the fact that a principle dearer than any other to the American citizen has again been upheld.

The Cup of Water

SINCE the election has manifested so great a confidence in American institutions and so slight a desire to seek relief through violence, a very serious responsibility doubtless rests on the Christian churches to strengthen the purpose of their members. They in particular must preach the doctrine of justice and charity. Just now the form which that preaching must take is exhortation to feed the hungry and to clothe the naked. It is too late to hope for marked business improvement this winter, or to content oneself with discussing the theory of relief. Millions will need the necessities of life, and the money to supply these must come from the men and women who are employed or drawing incomes. In New York City and elsewhere, official relief committees have enlisted the coöperation of the clergy of all denominations. November 19 and 20 have been designated as "unemployment Sabbath" in New York. On these days all clergymen are requested to deliver sermons on the relief of the poor, and it is also expected that special prayers will be offered to win the spiritual zeal and confidence which such an effort as relief now calls for. We believe that no Catholic will be unmindful of his duty in this regard. Indeed, the mandate which every Christian receives directly from the New Testament is too clear to be questioned: "What ye have done to the least of these, that also ye have done to Me."

Life and Art

THE STRUGGLES of the artistic life have long made excellent reading matter for those who sit comfortably by the fire in a home of their own and have a little of the opposite of temporal punishment to reward them for having struggled for God, for country and for family. It is like reading of perilous passages on sailing vessels by those who lived through them and then, in some safe harbor, are fatuous enough to say that, after all, they like peril. Or of those extreme discomforts borne both cheerfully and uncheerfully, mosquitoes, dampness, lack of bed linen or proper spring mattresses, flushes of heat and snaps of cold, indigestion and wood smoke in the eyes, all under the euphemism of sport. Of course now we all know too well that business, and an honest and strict application to business, is no guarantee of comfort and plenty and the service one would gladly give out of plenty to one's fellow men. Still there can be no question about it that the hazards of the artistic life are the larger and the substantial rewards smaller. The current exhibition on the sidewalks around Washington Square in New York, while a picturesque thing from a little distance, presents on closer inspection an equation in which melancholy dominates. Aside from the square yards of hopelessly spoiled canvas that is a futile and sad thing in itself, though it may have prompted moments of hope and ecstatic vision, this was November and there was a marked absence of overcoats on the artists and of repair on their shoes.

THEN turning the inward eye from this scene, we can recall the saga of that impassioned artificer in metal, mural painter and decorator, Buk, who with his wife sailed across the sea, lived in a garret and studied at a great school renowned through the centuries. They were so poor that for months their staple food was dates, because Buk had read somewhere of the marvels of frugality that Arabs could accomplish with this fruit. Here again, this sounds like a romance, but the reality was severe. Now Buk is doing a marble mural 430 feet by 30 feet for the Industrial Arts Building for the Chicago Exposition next year and another of almost equally Gargantuan proportions for the Rockefeller Center in New York. Nura, his wife, has had her meed of success, too, with a one man show at the Dudensing Galleries and the accolade of *Vanity Fair,* and other things that are commonly spoken of with a gleam in the eye in the shop-talk among artists. Perhaps the only thought one can draw from such contrasts, is, God pity the poor and may He instill into the hearts of those who prosper not only pity, but also some of the fine courtesy of pity, so that they may help with truly helpful generousness. And may artists not assume as a class that they, more than any others, are entitled to a living just because they are what they are; but may they turn-to and face their responsibilities like men. Here the subject becomes subtle, for there may be art's Franciscans and they are cheerful.

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JOHN ERSKINE still believes in the progress of the human race. One of his recent addresses described the era of his boyhood as a "bad time." Not that it was more desperately overrun with bomb throwers and pistol artists than is our own epoch. The trouble happened to be this: "A group of six of us in college wanted to be writers, but we used to sneak off by ourselves to talk about it. It was something to be ashamed of. I think things are somewhat different now." We suspect in this last sentence the veteran hand of the author of "Helen of Troy." Different? We should say they are! If there is any way of escaping the six boys who want to become authors in the year '32, we haven't found it. They are like a row of Demostheneses on the subject of their embryo novels, plays, poems, essays and criticisms. The only thing a middle-aged bystander can do is sneak off by himself. Things have come to such a pass that the Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., has devised a humanitarian scheme for the benefit of the Catholic public. Two societies, known as the Scriveners and the Catholic Student Writers' Guild, will band authors and would-bes together, so that they can do all their talking in a huddle and thus run out of breath. We commend the idea, merely adding the suggestion that the members be bound to secrecy. Though this would in a measure reëstablish old times and so displease Dr. Erskine, there are advantages for the rest of us.

The Once Modest Author

IN BUDAPEST, 'tis said on the authority of the New York *Times*, three fine young men were forced to pay twenty pengoes apiece in court for defending the name and fame of William Shakespeare. It is true that their defense took the dynamic form of eggs (not fresh) and onions (not small), which they sent through the air, at a rate of speed not specified, but swift enough, evidently, to injure the feelings and epidermis of the actors who stopped them on the stage of the Budapest State Theatre. We are all for the egg-throwers. Consider their provocation. There were only four in the whole company attempting "King Lear"; which must mean that that majestic and thunder-shaken picture of human fate was put on with doublings up that would break your heart. The Fool may have doubled for Cordelia, for all we know, or Goneril may have shared one skin with Kent, or the stripling Edmund with the venerable king. This leaves us in no state to imagine why the audience called out vociferously, "Author, author!" But it seems that they did, and thereby invited the last touch of desecration—for who should appear from the wings, at that call, but the manager of the whole massacre himself, dressed in pointed beard and accessories to represent the Bard? It was then that our doughty three actually leaped upon the stage and terminated the evening's entertainment. So far from being fined in pengoes (mysterious coin!), we advocate their being sent to Russia, where "Hamlet" is put on as Communistic propaganda, with a soliloquy beginning: "To be or not to be *a king*—that is the question!" They might not last long, but they would die happy.

The Bard in Budapest

THE CATHOLIC POETRY SOCIETY OF AMERICA had a meeting recently at which Theodore Maynard spoke interestingly on the subject, "Forty Thousand Poets I Have Met," and Katherine Brégy was her usual delightful self on the subject, "Women and Poetry." Mr. Maynard, being an Englishman who was born in Madras, India, and now resides in our national capital, has been around and therefore been exposed to more poets than the average. While admitting that at times this had been a nuisance, he said that on the whole poetry, he had found, was not a more perishing subject than politics. You pay your moments and take your choice. The perils of poetry, he pointed out, lay in confounding it with commerce. He didn't mind poets who talked about poetry, or of those keen apperceptions of reality which are the proper soil for the culture of the rare and perfect flowers of verse; but he did find that he was inclined to tears that he would have preferred to save for other occasions, by poets who told him of their struggles to sell their stuff. That was too much like the smoking-car talk of traveling salesmen, and he said a person was no fool who should prefer to keep his own counsels and attentions and give them, say, to a little idle reading of Dante or Shelley or Thompson. In Maynard's case, of course, he could reread some of his own things, and we venture to believe that he would find them substantially satisfying, if not always, though frequently, elevating.

Prose and Poetry Meet

MONSIGNOR LAVELLE, who has been a very generous patron of the Poetry Society, confessed to having been one of the birds who laved their mouths with May but abandoned troubling God's magnificent stillness with his own verses, when a professor warned him that there were two forms of poverty that might be encountered in a career of poetry—poverty of financial remuneration and poverty of talent. This was by indirection an encouragement for those who walk soberly in prose, for fine thought and feeling are no exclusive property of the bards, though they may claim it, and theirs is only a peculiar facility for the economies of motion of flight with chiming sounds. Those who know the delights of the homely speech of simple people, or at another extreme, one of the best of the Monsignor's sermons, or his intimate talks, know that prose need make no condescensions to poetry. Katherine Brégy, besides some plain and fancy soaring in verse of her own and of Alice Meynell and Katherine Tynan, beautiful voloplanes that were roundly cheered from the parterre, herself walked along comfortably in prose and pointed to instances of apperception and sentiment

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which she claimed women have specially in their keeping. There was no shouting at the meeting and everything was of such dewy pleasantness that the mind might return to it again with pleasure and profit. Our only apprehension is that we may have fallen over one of the usual pitfalls of reporting and mistaken an association of ideas of our own for a direct statement by Mr. Maynard. We say we are apprehensive because we know that he will immediately launch an ironic dart barbed with sharp points, and if the heart is stout the skin is tender.

ANNALS OF THE POOR

NEXT week we shall publish an article by Mrs. Nicholas Brady, dealing with the work of the National Women's Committee of which she is the chairman, in undertaking the relief of the victims of unemployment—an article for which we solicit the attention and interest of all our readers, as we even more strongly urge their coöperation in the work of her committee. As we have said over and over again, no graver problem faces the nation than that of dealing with the undeserved misery of the millions who are suffering the untellable agonies produced by the depression among those least able to meet and overcome their difficulties—the real poor, or those plunged suddenly into poverty from a position of comparative comfort and security. Yet if no problem can be graver than this, it is equally certain that no duty is more immediate or more binding than the obligation resting upon each and every member of the community who so far has escaped personal disaster to go to the aid of his or her less fortunate neighbor. It may be added that this is a counsel of prudence as well as a precept of charity; for there is peril of the most grievous kind that social disorder will ensue, if the pressure of hunger and cold and destitution and homelessness is not soon lifted from the bodies and souls of the multitude of unfortunate victims.

But it is charity in its true sense that should motivate our response to the call of Mr. Newton D. Baker, and Mrs. Brady, and the other leaders of the organized forces of relief. It should be a spirit of love rather than one of fear that should inspire us. Otherwise, there are stories now being told, by the million, over all our land, that may madden many souls—stories of pitiful hardship and suffering. One such story we take from the columns of the New York *Times* (for November 14), as one example of those frightful annals of the poor which are being written in tears throughout a country that ought to know the blessings of abundance, and peace, and security. Here is the story:

"So poor that they even had to borrow from their neighbors the $.21 necessary to claim the telegram the city sent them—collect—to notify them their twelve-day-old daughter, Josephine, had died in Bellevue Hospital from the effects of a rat bite, Sylvio Giacinto, twenty-five years old, and his wife, Vincenza, twenty-eight, sat silently mourning yesterday in their two-room flat at 407 East Twelfth Street.

"For hours they sat, the mother crying at intervals and the father soothing her and their other child, Vincenza, barely a year old, trying vainly to think of some way they could at least claim their daughter's body and save it from burial in Potter's Field.

" 'She cries,' said Sylvio, nodding at his wife, who was sitting on the only chair the flat affords. 'We are terrible sorry. But we have got to leave her down there.'

"Three years ago Sylvio and Vincenza were married. For two years they were, if not prosperous, at least comfortable. He worked as a laborer and she helped him by working occasionally in a dress factory.

"About a year ago he lost his job and since then has had only a few days' work. Nor has Vincenza been able to find employment. For several months all they had was a bi-weekly check for $4.50 from the city's Home Relief Bureau, plus whatever odd pennies Sylvio could earn.

"Last month they moved from a larger flat in the building into their present home, two tiny rooms, one a kitchen and the other a bedroom, on the second floor rear. Their furniture consisted of a bed for the bedroom and the one chair, a small chest of drawers, a stool and a table for the kitchen. There were no rugs.

"Friday night as the family were sleeping, all in the one bed, a rat jumped from the floor, bit the child, Josephine, in the forehead, ran over the mother's face and scurried away into hiding.

"The mother, alarmed, dressed herself and the baby and took it to Bellevue. The doctors, she said, told her her child would be well in a few days, but Saturday night the telegram came. They had to call on a half-dozen neighbors, all nearly as poor as they, before the sum was raised. The telegram was brief. It read:

" 'Josephine Giacinto died tonight in Bellevue Hospital. Call at nine A. M. tomorrow. William Jacobs, Medical Superintendent.'

"All day yesterday neighbors called at the Giacinto flat to express their sympathy. There was no food in the home, and it was not until late afternoon when a passerby, who heard of the situation, pressed $2.00 upon the unwilling Sylvio that the father, mother and daughter ate.

"At Bellevue it was said the child died of septic poisoning due to the rat bite. Today an autopsy will be performed with a view of confirming this diagnosis of the cause of death.

"As to the collect telegram, it was explained that this is the usual practice in all the city's hospitals. When relatives have no money to pay for the notice of death, it was said, the telegram is returned unopened. No explanation as to why the city, which provides free care for the patients in its hospitals, does not go a step further and supply, without charge, news of deaths could be obtained."

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THE REPUBLICAN CATASTROPHE

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

The Democratic party rose to victory on a tidal wave. Is the Republican power accordingly broken for good? Answering this question, Mr. Thompson has recourse to history, in particular to that of thirty years ago, when Democracy was only Mr. Bryan with a cohort of more or less faithful voters. "Even then only the foolish said that the Democratic party was dead. It was of too tough a fiber for that, and so, today, is the Republican party." New Republican leaders will arise. Next week Mr. Thompson will summarize the tangible results of the Democratic triumph in the recent election.—The Editors.

THE UNIVERSAL and ages-old habit of personifying every great event in some individual, results, of course, in the description of the late election as a defeat for President Hoover. It was far more than that; one has only to read the decisions intelligently, in each state, to see that it was a gigantic revolt against the whole Republican party. He was the most conspicuous sufferer from it, but from the highest to the lowest of the Republican candidates the voters struck accurately and purposefully. As a result the Republican party is utterly crushed in nation, state and city, and is temporarily destroyed as a power and almost as an influence.

There were exceptions, naturally. The disposition manifested directly after the election to describe the revolution as a "blind" outburst of wrath over the hard times, a Samson-like pulling down of the temple, requires qualifications here and there. In advanced and intelligent states, despite the bitterness aroused by what is gently called the "depression," the voters used their ballots with discretion, and made exceptions. For instance, in the highly intelligent state of Connecticut, the voters elected a Democratic governor and senator, and yet withheld the rod of punishment from Hoover and gave him a majority. Delaware was harsh with its local Republican candidates, and nevertheless exempted Hoover. Most striking of all was the discrimination shown in New Jersey, which went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt and yet elected the Republican Senator Barbour. Thousands of Jerseymen distinguished, even in their anger, between the two leading Republican candidates on their ballots, Barbour and Hoover.

A similar discrimination was shown in New York City, hopeless as was the task of overcoming the customary majority. The same voters who were intent on punishing the Republican party voted against the Democratic candidate for mayor in such numbers as to make his election a thing in which he can take no pleasure, unless he is strangely thick of skin. It was hopeless, too, to beat Hofstadter in spite of his discreditable nomination, but the size of the vote for Alger and Deutsch, with both parties against them and no party for them, was so great as to show that intelligence still existed in the midst of passion.

But enough of exceptions, though the ones here listed are only a few. The large result was a complete smash-up of the Republican party. It is so thorough and all-embracing as to leave that party, for the first time, without leadership. This was not the case even in 1912, when Taft was worse beaten than Hoover, getting only eight electoral votes from two states. Not since the Civil War—indeed, not since its birth seven years earlier—has the Republican party been actually wrecked until 1932.

This does not mean that the party is dead or dying. If the Democrats who were placed in power on November 8 do not come up to the expectations of those who put them there, the same voters who elected them will turn against them with the same decisiveness as early as the Congress and state elections of 1934, and the election of 1936 will be as summary an overturn for Democracy as that of 1932 was for Republicanism. This has been demonstrated in many an election, but, if any one doubts it, he has only to recall that the Republicans were victorious by an unprecedented majority only four years ago. This did not save them from an equally unprecedented reversal this year. Four years ago Smith got only eighty-seven electoral votes; Hoover, swept into office then by a tidal wave, this year got only fifty-nine.

It was Republican votes, it must be remembered, that made the landslide. There are estimated to be 5,000,000 more Republicans in the country than there are Democrats. Mr. Roosevelt, who is aware of this but does not fully appreciate its significance, said in his radio address the day after election, "It transcends party lines. It became a national expression of liberal thought." On the contrary, Republican conservatives and reactionaries voted for him as well as Republican "liberals"; a word which his campaign speeches show has an almost definite meaning in his mind. He has not yet grasped the fact that the same men and women who voted for Hoover in 1928 because they were conservatives and reactionaries turned against Hoover in 1932 without changing their mental set-up. It takes more than four years to reverse the character of the people of a nation in any such tremendous manner. It is true that many "liberals" voted for Hoover in 1928 and against him in 1932, but when one remembers that normal 5,000,000 Republican majority it becomes evident that the revolution was not accomplished by the progressives alone. It is progressives that Roosevelt usually means when he uses the word "liberal"; but he would have been elected just the same if the men for whom Norris, Johnson, Cutting and La Follette speak had opposed him instead of supporting him.

Hoover's feat of carrying six states, four more than Taft carried in 1912, and of getting fifty-nine votes as

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against Taft's eight, was contrary to all the probabilities after the September election in Maine. Chairman Farley was justified, at that time, in his belief that Roosevelt would carry everything but Maine and Vermont. Outside those two states—indeed, it is not going too far to say "outside Vermont," for Maine was none too sure—it then seemed probable that Hoover would carry nothing. It was then that he embarked on that whirlwind campaign of his. The effect, after he had made a few speeches, was so evident that the Democrats themselves conceded privately that he had accomplished a "swing-back," though not a big enough one to elect him. The event proved that this concession was correct. Hoover's furious personal campaign saved him from being the worst defeated candidate who ever ran for President on a major ticket.

The low record, prior to Taft's, is held by Stephen A. Douglas, the regular Democratic nominee in 1860, who got only twelve electoral votes. Four years later McClellan, the Democratic candidate, got only twenty-one. It is surprising how many distinguished political writers have said without contradiction that Smith, in 1928, made the low record. Seymour, in 1868, and Greeley, in 1872, got fewer electoral votes than he, to say nothing of McClellan, Douglas and Breckinridge.

Hoover, therefore, can comfort himself with the certain fact that his individual campaign saved him from even a worse defeat than the one he suffered. With Boss Vare unable in November to deliver more than 75,000 majority in Philadelphia, it becomes evident that in September even Pennsylvania was counted on with reason by Chairman Farley. Hoover therefore accomplished a thing really without precedent. It cost him something, for all his life he has had a shrinking from public appearances, and above all a revulsion from anything resembling debate.

He did not want to do it, either. It was not by choice but by the insistence of those around him that he took the plunge, much as a man physically averse to a cold bath might force himself to jump into an ice-covered pond. The Republican leaders and the Hoover counselors, after the dismaying September portent in Maine, lay down on Hoover and made him do all the work. The original program, of a campaign by a syndicate headed by Secretary Mills, with Hoover silent in the White House except for a platitudinous speech or two, went by the board with a crash. The whole campaign thereafter rested on Hoover's shoulders.

The Republican organization had shown signs of demoralization, and as the campaign went on the signs became more pronounced, though it never was actually demoralized. In crucial states like Illinois and, at first, Indiana, the local Republican candidates were sacrificing Hoover to save themselves. It is satisfactory to record that Len Small, the Republican candidate for governor of Illinois, profited nothing by this policy. He could not have been worse defeated if he had given Hoover the loyal support he should have given, instead of looking out for himself alone. Even Senator Watson, in Indiana, was indifferent to Hoover at first, though later he found his own fortuntes so tied up with Hoover's that he sent a Macedonian cry for help, and the President gave it. It did not save Watson.

The Republican party, as it looks itself over, is as yet hardly able to recognize its own face in the mirror. Gone are all the old leaders, not only in the Senate but in the House, save only Representative Snell of New York. In the country at large no one is left to assume any position of even partial leadership. The downfall too thoroughly discredited Hoover for him to do any leading in the next four years, and he could not do it even if he had not been so soundly thrashed; for Hoover is not a politician and cannot lead. Coolidge made his own choice as far back as 1927, and prefers his splendid isolation in Northampton. Nowhere is there a Republican governor, senator or member of the lower House who can be conceived of as a leader; and the same thing is true of Hoover's not very distinguished Cabinet. It is true that Secretary Mills's speeches were received with approval, but they did not give him the necessary popularity.

It must be borne in mind that this is only a description of the present. Leaders will come to the Republican party in time, though at present there is not one visible with a spy-glass. It is somewhat like the position of the Democratic party thirty years ago. Then that party had no leaders except Bryan, and its chief anxiety was to get rid of him, which it did with unsatisfactory and temporary results at the Convention of 1904. Even then only the foolish said that the Democratic party was dead. It was of too tough a fiber for that, and so, today, is the Republican party.

The progressives are where they were. For at least eight years they have been only a bloc. The tenuous Republican control of Congress, finally disappearing and yielding the reins to the Democrats, gave the bloc an influence out of all proportions to its size. It finally became to some extent the balance of power. But with the immense Democratic majorities in the next Senate and House the progressives will be snowed under, save for what alliances they can make with men of their own kidney on the Democratic side, like Huey Long; and in the great overturn it is safe to say that more conservative than radical Democrats were elected to Congress. This makes it likely that the progressives will be reduced to what they were in Theodore Roosevelt's administration, when they made a great deal of noise but were ineffective against the rule of Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon.

To this forecast one exception must be made. The progressives may get a rescuing hand from the next President. Mr. Roosevelt has repeatedly shown how much he is impressed by their influence; in fact, he has said things showing that he exaggerates in his own mind the part they played in his election. It is very likely he will display his gratitude, but if he does it too extremely he will alienate the thousands of conservative Republicans who voted for him.

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THE CULTURE CONFLICT IN CHINA

By PATRICK JOY

AT THE dawn of Chinese history we find China an empire. The emperor is father of his people, holds and exercises his mandate from Heaven, and to the Sovereign on High he alone may offer worship. Below him are the nobles, who with the emperor may worship the glorified manes. At the bottom of this hierarchy are the common people, living their family life, worshiping the family ancestors and unconcerned about all else in heaven or on earth.

So it remained to our day. The emperor is gone. But the larger, if not the dominant, part of China is still the China of the centuries. You will not have to travel far from Shanghai or Hongkong before you come on the old village where all the inhabitants are of the same surname and where the old system is in full vigor. Even within the highly Westernized cities thousands of Chinese families are as devoted to the old culture of the nation as in the days when it was a crime for the foreign barbarian to set foot in the Middle Kingdom.

That culture was based on the family. The individual did not exist. The nation was the affair of the emperor. In fact, no one ever thought of the nation but only of the annual grain tax to the Son of Heaven. He, on his side, felt called on to execute the mandate of Heaven by taking a fatherly interest in his people and duly accomplishing the rites on their behalf. That done, and a certain amount of public order maintained, he had fulfilled his duty.

For the rest, the family ruled. A son belonged to his own family because he would hand on the family name. A daughter was destined for another family, hence she was not so welcome. The making of a marriage was an affair for the parents and elders of the clan. The children themselves were not even consulted. The desirability of an alliance with this family or that was the only consideration that entered into the choice. A young, often very young, son first met his future wife when the marriage procession brought her to the house in the bridal chair. She, on her side, must forget her own people and henceforth devote her whole care to serving the parents and grandparents of her husband. She must satisfy their every whim, and woe to her if she incurs their displeasure, because filial piety requires that even her husband must side against her and with his offended parents—there is no room for "hearing both sides" in this Confucian code of filial piety.

The purpose of their union is to continue the family name. The children born to them belong more to the family than to them. But, above all else, there is consideration for continuing the worship of the ancestors. Hence if no male heir is born to them, the husband must take a concubine. If the husband dies before such heir arrives, his widow must be wedded to that member of his remaining relatives whom the rites designate. The first son born of this second marriage will be the heir of her first husband—his son by a sort of ritual fiction—and will make the offerings before his tablet in the temple of the ancestors.

The Chinese family was patriarchial. Filial piety covered uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins of all sorts up and down the collateral lines. The Book of Rites prescribed in greatest detail the mourning which must be observed for each—beginning with three years mourning by a son for a father. China seemed to be preëminently the land of the dead, "so careless of the living, so careful of the dead." In life the family predominated also. If a man rose to eminence, filial piety required that his family must share in his good fortune. If failure was his lot, no matter how culpable on his part, he could trust confidently that his relations to the nth degree would see to it that he be saved from poverty or disgrace, and that in the interest of the family name.

In a word, the family expressed all the relationships with this world and the next. As Mr. Yung-Chi Hoe wrote in the *China Critic* (October 23, 1930):

> Emperors and mandarins of course there were. But how awfully distant they seemed to the millions of toiling mortals! How like some heavenly band of thundering genii among the clouds! How brilliant their appearance—but how blurred their outlines! Shut up in his tiny world of the country village, a Chinese could live all his life without having anything to do with the state. To him it was mysterious, incomprehensible, inauspicious. It symbolized some exotic, occult power to be propitiated rather than controlled. An officer at the doors was an ominous visitation. Taxes were paid grudgingly, rather as the price of being left alone than as contributions to the public treasury to be spent for the public good. The power of the state could penetrate into the stubborn confines of the village community only in very serious cases of heinous crimes. At other times the village, which is often coterminous with the family clan, is a world by itself—aloof, secluded, unreachable. And for centuries what is known as the state of China has been nothing more than a conglomeration of a myriad of such villages—a mosaic of families loosely bound together by tenuous threads breakable at any instant.

The history of China is the history of national weakness wedded to a culture that would seem almost unconquerable. If the walls of old Peking could speak they would tell of Mongol and Tatar and Manchu time and again placing their barbarian rulers on the Dragon Throne. But in time Chinese culture had gobbled up the conquerers and China remained unchanged.

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Today forces dominant within the Chinese people themselves are out to change it. Will they succeed where the invaders failed? What is likely to be the end of this tremendously interesting struggle between the China of two thousand years and this new thing which is coming into it with every steamship and river-boat, in railway train and automobile, with cinema and radio, in schools run by missionaries and in schools run by her own sons back from study in the West, which is being held up as necessary for national salvation by the politicians, which is entering the homes in foreign papers and magazines and—now that the demand has produced a native supply—in literature?

Let us try to measure this new force. The first factor to upset the equilibrium of Chinese life was Western science. China learned to her cost its power both to build and to destroy. In a despairing mood, hope came to her with the resurrection of Japan. She too would make her own the scientific knowledge from the West. In his "San Min Chu I" Dr. Sun Yat Sen advised Young China to keep the old culture, adding only Western science, and China would be the strongest nation on the earth (an opinion, it is interesting to note, expressed in the sixteenth century by Matteo Ricci). The advice has not been taken. Desire for Western science brought a demand for Western education. That in turn meant death to the old schools where the child sang out his classic the whole live-long day and drank in the moral teachings of Confucius. The Chinese student of today studies his modern language—generally English—and with it learns of the life and ways of the West. The cinema shows him that life as Hollywood pictures it. Western illustrated papers, magazines and novels and a thousand other influences complete the picture of this life of pleasure and unlimited freedom.

We tend to imitate what we admire. The new ideas have upset the whole family life of China. There is a spirit of revolt against its restrictions. Boys and girls demand their independence, and parents are helpless. The politicians are with the children. They see in the old family the enemy of national consciousness. Contact with Russia has led them to view marriage as a personal contract to be made or broken by mutual consent. The new marriage code promulgated by Nanking —though some foreign advisers fought strongly for a compromise with old ideas—is at the opposite pole to the old Chinese family code. In the schools these politicians have countenanced, if not promulgated, self-government by the students and coeducation, which outraged every instinct of those loyal to China's past. They have by law excluded religion from the schools.

To put the whole matter in a sentence, the culture conflict in China today is between an intensely exclusive loyalty to family and an insurgent nationalism; between a filial piety that leaves no room for individual rights and extreme ideas of personal liberty imported from the West; between a culture almost completely preoccupied with after-life and an extreme materialism. The millions are still loyal to the former, but the minority are daily recruiting adherents from the schools, have the shaping of national policy in their hands and find allies in every new Western invention that advances penetration by the West.

China's first contact with Western science was through the Catholic missionaries at the court of Peking. Being Catholic, they had no desire to impose a foreign culture. Catholicism is at home in all climes. It is significant that the missionaries of the seventeenth century erred by going too far in the direction of accepting all that was possible of Chinese culture. That, in a nutshell, is the history of the Rites controversy. The Chinese family system was a valuable ally of Christian morality, and Catholic missionaries throughout the centuries have held it in honor. It had to be stripped of its superstitious appendages, but Catholic Chinese have found in the devotion to the Holy Souls the means of satisfying that love of departed friends which their pagan fellows expressed in the worship of them. The missionaries insisted, of course, that the marriage bond was forged out of the free consent of the contracting parties themselves and that no family considerations could supply the want of this. With a few such reservations, Catholicism could feel at home in the Chinese culture, leaving behind it the external trappings of the West and devoting all its efforts to the molding of the Chinese soul to the image of Christ.

Doubtless, as Catholics came to form a substantial part of the Chinese people, the further questions of relations between rulers and people, master and employee—in fact the whole social gospel of Catholicism —would have extended and enlarged the limits of the Chinese family so as to embrace that larger family whose Father is God, giving a fuller meaning to that sentence of the national Sage that "within the four seas all men are brothers." But for the moment Catholics were a *pusillus grex*, often persecuted. Even in times of peace the superstitious practices which accompanied wedding feast and funeral, village festival or palace function, in fact every social event in Chinese life, imposed on them the necessity of cutting themselves off from the people among whom they lived. This self-isolation, which loyalty to their faith imposed on them at tremendous sacrifice—and still imposes in the greater part of the country—explains, in part at any rate, why Catholics in spite of their increasing numbers (they are now about 2,500,000) have had so little influence in the direction of this movement for national regeneration.

There are some signs that Catholics are beginning to come forth from the catacombs and, in any case, the mere presence of Catholicism in increasing force is bound sooner or later to have its effect. But for the purpose of this article I prefer to prescind from these factors completely and ask the question: considering only the protagonists, is the outcome of this culture conflict likely to favor Catholic effort in China or the reverse?

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In the immediate future anything may happen, even a wave of Bolshevism over the whole of China. But viewing this culture conflict in the light of similar conflicts throughout the ages, it seems to me that the final result will see the Chinese still strong in their devotion to the family, but to a family which the new nationalism has forced to admit wider loyalties as well. The great national virtue of filial piety will survive the present spirit of revolt, yet be modified to allow the Chinese boy and girl a voice in the shaping of their own lives. As to religion, the most fundamental thought of Chinese philosophy, religion and even magic is the idea of harmony between the macrocosm and the microcosm, the quest for a synchronism of heaven-earth-humanity. This, in the new order of things, should favor an extension of the family religion, like the family itself, so as to embrace wider loyalties. The ancestors would take their proper but subordinate place as honored citizens in the Heavenly Kingdom. The Lord of Heaven would get that worship which the Chinese people of the past denied Him in the family only because the emperor, being sole ruler upon earth, was alone entitled to treat with Heaven, the Sovereign on High.

In such a modified Chinese culture the seed of Catholicism could, with God's grace, take deep root and bring forth the hundredfold.

O'MALLEY OF THE SUN

By JAMES J. WALSH

VERY rarely indeed has there been such unanimity of praise for a newspaper man from his colleagues as at the death of Frank Ward O'Malley. Though his passing took place in distant Tours in France, and for some half-dozen years he had lived for the most part outside of our country and presumably would be nearly forgotten here, tributes to him came from all sources. There was not a dissenting voice in the chorus of praise. Newspaper men are sometimes said to be rather jealous of one another and inclined to be grudging of commendation, but surely that could not be said in the case of O'Malley. Every newspaper in New York mentioned him editorially in high terms of commendation, as did also practically all the important newspapers of the country. Even those of us who knew him best had no adequate idea of how much his name and work meant for newspaper men all over the United States.

Nor did they wait until he was dead to express their admiration for him. When he was writing for the *Sun,* Arthur Brisbane, now the dean of newspaper columnists, characterized O'Malley as "the best newspaper writer in the country today." More than twenty years ago Richard Harding Davis, himself a seasoned newspaper man and not overinclined to praise others highly, and especially those of his own profession, declared that O'Malley was "America's best reporter." H. L. Mencken said O'Malley was "one of the best reporters America has ever known." There had been even sincerer praise than this in the introduction of O'Malley into books. It is generally recognized that he was the original of "Malley of the *Sun*" in Irvin Cobb's "Judge Priest" stories. George Ade, whose "Fables in Slang" surely give him a right to an opinion in the matter, said that O'Malley was "the best writer of josh stuff that we have." Richard Harding Davis mentioned him by name in his story of "The Red Cross Girl."

The list of tributes to him from those who knew from their personal experience both the newspaper business and O'Malley, and thoroughly appreciated him, might be made much longer. What O'Malley could do and what often made his stories literature instead of merely chronicles of events was that he could see the deeper human interest in the happenings of every-day life. His well-known story of the death of a policeman on the lower East Side is typical. For those who may be in doubt as to what human interest means, this is now the classical instance. It has found a place in text-books for students in journalism as an example worthy of imitation. It has been reprinted in dozens of newspapers since O'Malley's death. There were other stories of his that deserve equal attention. This story was a brilliant flash of something very like genius, of which there were many examples.

I remember O'Malley once saying to me that you never could tell when there might be a break in the news that would be the source of a marvelous human interest story. He recalled sitting in the office of the *Sun* one afternoon when there was "nothing doing," and when it looked as though surely the morning paper would be a dud so far as real news was concerned, and then came the flash that a shirtwaist factory in the Washington Square district was ablaze, and girl workers were throwing themselves from the seventh and eighth stories as the only escape from the flames already bursting through the windows. There were nearly 150 victims, all because fire escapes were inefficient and entrances barred and doors locked which should have been opened, and waste cotton all over the place to furnish fuel to the flames, and laws for the protection of workers were both inefficient and not properly enforced. O'Malley's front page story the next day aroused the conscience of the community, until every reader felt something of his responsibility in the matter.

Frank could see deep into the heart of human nature, and he could express what he saw there in very simple words that caught the attention. One of his brief formulas dashed off in this way is the maxim, "Life is just one damned thing after another," and I

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believe it was he who formulated the other corresponding expression, "Love is one damned fool after another." From him I often quote a story that is a favorite of mine because it illustrates so well just what causes laughter. Frank found a little girl crying bitterly outside of one of the department stores, she was perhaps two and a half or three years old, and he asked her if she were lost. She said, "No, I'm not lost, but Mamma is." She knew where she was all right, but where was mother?

Anyone who has read Austin O'Malley's "Keystones of Thought," by Frank's brother, will not be surprised at Frank's penetrating vision into the heart of human nature and his power to say things briefly and tellingly, if family abilities are shared to any extent. Austin said: "Success covers a multitude of sins"; "Religion is more than fire insurance"; "Pessimism and chicken-pox should be infantile diseases"; "God is not a police magistrate"; and then that striking expression which I have often tried on audiences of young women and have had the silence which indicates that they are wondering about the truth of the expression, settle down over the crowd—"The novel you like is like you and the play that you like is like you"—for many of them wondered if they would like to be like the book or the play they liked.

There was no sob sister stuff about O'Malley's writing and no sugary sentimentality. Many a story of his proved to be literature by the time he got through with it; though he was just writing up the day's events, he saw the meaning of them deeper than others. There is an element of poetry in that. After all the best definition of a poet that we have is that he is a seer. I should like to spell that word with three e's—see-er—because that would indicate exactly its meaning, but I believe there is an orthographic rule in English forbidding the putting of three letters of the same kind together. The seer sees more than the rest of us, and we are glad to be able to take advantage of his vision in order to be able to see something at least of what he sees in life.

O'Malley was born up in the coal regions of northeastern Pennsylvania and, according to his own story which I believe is well authenticated from other sources, he did not get on well at school. Like that other contemporary genius, George Cohan, school was rather a bore for him and he tried to make it something else for himself and the others. I believe that the principal in the Providence school which Cohan attended told him at the end of a week, "You're through," and he was. He has the record for getting through the Providence schools. Frank O'Malley was not able to compete with that record, but he used to insist that he came pretty near it.

From early years Frank had a penchant for drawing and he occupied himself making sketches during many of his school hours. As he grew up, he got some serious lessons in drawing and launched out as a cartoonist. Undoubtedly this helped his vision, but then one day, according to the story he told himself, he found that one of his cartoons hurt the subject of it very much. He refused to go on with that avocation any more. Then he took up reporting and success came—and such success! H. I. Philips in his column in the *Sun* said: "We recall our cub reporter days back home when somebody got hurt every morning in the rush to get the office copy of the *Sun* to see what O'Malley had."

All his life Frank used to like to disparage his mental attainments. Toward the end he liked to emphasize the fact that most of the men who amounted to anything in life got through school very poorly and usually were not far from the foot of their classes. That is the sort of story that most men like to hear, because it would seem to show that there is some chance for them yet. There is no doubt that we can find a number of men as low in the class as U. S. Grant at West Point who proved to have great careers before them, but it has been shown superabundantly that the men who lead their classes at school usually are the successful men. Genius, however, makes exceptions to all rules, and there was a touch of genius in O'Malley's work.

O'Malley's writing apart from reporting was not particularly successful, though all of it had the stamp of that power of observation so notable in his reportorial work. With E. W. Townsend he collaborated in several plays that were presented but without special success. His articles for magazines attracted a great deal of attention throughout the country but more from newspaper men than from others. Like the poet's poet of whom we hear occasionally, O'Malley was a newspaper writer's writer. He has been a teacher of newspaper men everywhere throughout the United States, and above all he was worshiped in the small towns.

Few men would be missed so much in his profession as O'Malley will be. The editor of the *Sun* on which he served for thirteen years "records with sorrow the passing of a blithe and brave spirit." All those who knew O'Malley personally will surely agree with that.

His Things

And now I must dispose of all the things
That warmed to wait upon his kind command:
This cloak, once filled; this watch, whose gleaming springs
Were wound before him, by his father's hand
That fought at Philippi. He shall confide
No more in shapes that death can put away,
In time to tick its measure at his side,
In wraps to keep the roaring cold at bay.

These wan retainers he may not translate
To serve the wants of his ethereal lot,
And they who saw him pass the rigid gate
Can only mark the place where he is not.
They cannot peer beyond the wall, or guess
What fair free world the gentle dead possess.

CATHERINE MOORE.

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CONGRESS AND THE WAR DEBTS

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

KNIGHT errant of American politics, espouser of unpopular causes, and a prophet whose voice has at times been a solitary one in the wilderness, Senator William E. Borah of Idaho has begun a drive for the cancellation of the war debts by the United States. He conditions this cancellation, it is true, on the elimination of reparations, a revision of the peace treaties, and a substantial reduction in European armaments. Yet even with these conditions, Borah, plainly enough, has set his face against the prevailing currents of opinion among his own people, and boldly takes the view that, in our own interest, these debts had better go by the board. Hailing as he does from the mountain hinterland of our country, a region whose concern with the affairs of Europe is less than that of the Atlantic seaboard, Borah's campaign has a capital significance. He is engaged in no piece of political horse trading, for there are no votes in his own district to be gained by an advocate of cancellation. To Idaho, war debts are of altogether minor importance compared with farm mortgages, relief for farmers, lower taxes, and the rehabilitation of silver, and prosperity for the cattle-raisers and stock men.

Neither the plank in the Democratic platform opposing cancellation, nor the pronunciamentos of the administration, which of course can move no faster in the matter than Congress and public opinion will permit it to, can alter the fact that the debts of the former allies to the United States, amounting to over $10,000,000,000, are still one of the great public issues of our day. The question is of far greater importance than whether or not European debtors will go into default on December 15, and whether the Treasury will receive during the current fiscal year several hundred millions of dollars to help plug the holes in our federal budget.

With the payments spread, as they are, over a period of sixty-two years, these debts must inevitably remain a point of potential friction and irritation. They will affect Europe's attitude toward the United States, place barriers on trade and good-will, provide a football for the politicians, and give perennial texts for demagogues, both here and abroad.

Up to date, the Washington government has stood firmly against cancellation. Though President Hoover, in his message in 1931, asked Congress to reëstablish the World War Debt Funding Commission in order to explore anew the present payment capacity of the debtor nations, presumably on the basis of the present price level, neither the President, Secretary Stimson nor any other responsible administration official has ever hinted at full cancellation. In his acceptance speech, President Hoover held out the possibility of adjustment when he said:

> If for any particular annual payment we were offered some other tangible form of compensation, such as the expansion of the markets for American agriculture and labor, and the restoration and maintenance of our prosperity, then I am sure that our citizens would consider such a proposal. But it is a certainty that these debts must not be cancelled or the burdens transferred to our people.

Congress, of course, is the final arbiter, and the administration has little, if any, discretionary power. Congress created the World War Debt Funding Commission in the first instance, and laid down the schedules for payment of principal and interest. Such changes as were made in the original plan had to be submitted for approval to Congress before they finally went into effect, and even the Hoover moratorium, boldly conceived, and dramatically presented to the world, could not become legally effective until Congress had approved it. Though Congress followed the lead of the President, it did not finally ratify the moratorium agreement until after a spirited debate, which reflected two things, above others: first, the overwhelming hostility of both Senate and House to cancellation of these debts; second, a strong undercurrent of feeling that even the moratorium was placing an undue burden on the harassed American taxpayer. Congress again evidenced its attitude toward cancellation when at the last session it balked at carrying out the President's recommendations for a revival of the Debt Funding Commission. In a word, Congress is dead set against further scaling down of Europe's American obligations, and has so gone on record in approving the Hoover moratorium.

During the war, when the emotions of the country were at white heat, there was no limit to the support which Congress was willing to extend to our European allies, both in the blood and treasure of the American people. A natural reaction to this high pitch of fervor and excitement was the spirit of malaise and war weariness, which, as much as anything else, brought about the defeat of Woodrow Wilson in 1920, and the rejection by the Senate of the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations. As the Republicans came into power in 1921, America set its face against Europe, and for twelve years, except for occasional glances overseas, we have kept our eyes on this side of the Atlantic. We have wanted to forget the war, its emotionalism, its pressure patriotism. Yet the debts linger on as an unpleasant reminder of the contribution we made in a mood of exalted generosity. Congress has turned away from Europe, and its problems, and its attitude toward the debts is substantially this: they borrowed the money, and we must make them pay.

The congressional attitude also has about it something more specific. This is the belief—one for which

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the facts provide plenty of support—that Europe is spending far too much on armaments, and that a 25 or 50 percent reduction in armaments by the debtor countries will enable them to pay both interest and principal on their obligations, with no strain on the respective national exchequers. Borah himself has repeatedly stressed this point, and anyone who has taken the trouble to discuss the debts with half a dozen members of Congress, picked at random from every section of the country, will find how widely entertained is this view. The average congressman feels that what is lacking is the will to pay.

Another consideration enters heavily into the congressional attitude. Rare these days is the representative or the senator who does not find his constituents in revolt over high taxes, and rebellious under the sting of hard times. Minority groups may launch vigorous drives for special grants from the Treasury, but the voters as a whole are insistent, almost savagely so, in their demands for governmental economy. A federal Treasury that has gone into the red to the tune of several billions of dollars, has been forced to ask for increased federal taxes all along the line. People have tightened their belts, have retrenched in their household expenses, and have given up luxuries to which they have been accustomed. Under these conditions, the natural tendency is to look at the $300,000,000 of interest payments from our European debtors in terms of their relationship to the federal budget. If the interest is not paid, if these debts are cancelled, or cut down any further, as the man in the street sees it, it is the American taxpayer, already groaning under the existing burdens, who must pay the piper. If the United States is too poor to pay a bonus to its own soldiers, the popular argument runs, we certainly are too poor to yield to Europe another dollar on its obligations.

Congressmen again, individually, must look to their own political futures. It takes courage, more courage perhaps than we have a right to expect from the average holder of elective office, to so set his face against the prevailing tides as to give any hint that he favors debt cancellation, or a scaling down that is nearly its equivalent. The legislator who is willing to cancel the debts, and thus hang new burdens around the necks of the American taxpayers, is just the sort of a quarry that the demagogue delights to drive from cover. For, knowing the psychology of the average voter as he does, he realizes how easy it is to conjure up the cancellationist jinx against his opponent and to charge him with plotting to sell his own countrymen short.

Congressional expression of opinion up to date therefore has labored under too many external compulsions to be altogether free and frank. It has been cast in the stereotyped mold of the prevailing anti-cancellationist school of thought. Departure from this involves a risk too great except for one who, like Borah, holds his own state in the palm of his hand. Economists and authorities in international finance may join together, as they have done, to urge cancellation of the war debts by the United States, but these gentlemen have few votes, and their weight in the scales is heavily overtopped by the mass of the voters, who, for perfectly understandable reasons, view these debts in terms of their apparent relationship to the burdens of the American taxpayer. A *Real Politik* determines the stand of most holders of elective office on public issues. When public opinion on a certain matter has a definite trend, a man or woman who must bid for the favor of the electorate at the polls necessarily trims his sails in the direction of the prevailing winds.

This does not necessarily mean, however, that Senator Borah has essayed an impossible task. What is chiefly significant about his campaign is the method of approach. He has appealed to the self-interest of the American people, and self-interest, in the last analysis, must govern the nation's policy, rather than a Quixotic idealism. What concerns us, he argues, is the bearing which cancellation, as part of a world program, may have on our foreign trade, on increased European buying power, and the wider markets abroad which the American farmer needs for his products. Here he drives his argument home to those of the American people among whom converts must be won in large numbers if ultimately there is to be a change in American policy. All the academic talk and finely spun theoretical arguments will avail nothing if the man in the street continues to regard debt cancellation, or a further scaling down of the existing obligations, as merely another sacrifice to be added to the many already placed by the American people on the altars of Europe.

Only by a change in the popular attitude, and a realization that in the long run it is to our interest to lift the debts, can we hope for any shift in the congressional viewpoint. What Borah has sought to do is to define the issue in the only terms from which a change in attitude can be hoped for, and he has portrayed with his usual eloquence what serious obstacles to world recovery the peace treaties, reparations and the debts to the United States have been, and still are.

As Congress prepares to assemble in December, war debts are again due for an airing. This will be true even if the debtors pay the December interest payments. The election being over, both the administration and members of Congress individually will enjoy a little more freedom of action. No one with any knowledge of the processes of the national legislature looks, in the immediate future, for any marked shift in its attitude toward the debts. If there is a change, this will come in response to a shift in public opinion, which moves slowly and will hinge in turn on the degree to which the "plain people" see any advantages to themselves in further concessions to our European debtors. Borah has given the issue a new orientation, he has brought it down to earth from the clouds of academic abstraction, and he has blazed the trail for congressional thinking along new lines. Just as national interest has given the anti-cancellationists the upper hand, so self-interest later may tip the scales the other way.

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AT LILLE

By ANNE MANNING

THE TWENTY-FOURTH session of the Semaines Sociales de France was held this year in Lille. The subject discussed, "The International Economic Derangement and Christian Thought," could not have been better chosen, for, as Cardinal Liénart said in his sermon on the opening day at the Church of St. Maurice, "it is not one of those theoretical problems that interest passionately the intellectuals and leave the crowd indifferent. It is a painful fact from which all suffer and from which our civilization may die."

The session was opened in the large and beautiful chapel of the university with the Mass of the Holy Ghost, and closed in the same chapel with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The other religious functions were celebrated in the principal churches of the city. The conferences, of which there were at least four every day, were given in the auditorium of the university, and various meetings and discussions were carried on in the smaller halls during the intervals. It was a week of intensive and earnest study, worthy of the gravity of the subject under consideration. Besides the lectures at the university, there were evening lectures. One on peace at the headquarters of the Industrial Society, and two at the Hippodrome the last evening, the first of these on the constructive work of L'Internationale Syndicale Chrétienne, and the other, "What the Church expects of us in the present crisis."

All the conferences were given by well-known men, ecclesiastical and lay, professors from the various universities of France, deputies, lawyers, priests and laymen attached to the International Labor Bureau, the Chamber of Commerce, the National Institute of Agriculture, etc. Every aspect of the social and economic maladies that afflict the modern world at present and threaten even greater havoc, was dealt with in the everlasting light of Catholic teaching by specialists.

The present crisis was compared with the crises of history. Their errors and vices—ignorance, jealousy, lying and avarice—that produce international antagonisms were laid bare, and the remedy outlined. The infirmity of both capitalism and Socialism was studied exhaustively. Both systems were put on trial and found imperfect. It was shown convincingly that the error of capitalism is in its spirit and that a careful examination of the legal forms of the capitalist régime and their just value is necessary. The errors of Socialism are due to its fundamental vice—materialism. Each lecture was a masterpiece of logical reasoning that was fascinating in itself, though the subject might be dry.

There were no interruptions to disturb one's attention, as applause was forbidden until the end. There was no empty oratory, no straining after effect, none of that use of words that pleases the ear for a moment, but sends one empty away. The objective was simple truth in the interest of a universal need. In many ways it was in striking contrast to what one reads of other important assemblies. For instance, at Geneva, after a lengthy discussion on disarmament by learned statesmen, the following profound morsel of wisdom was released: "A weapon is offensive or defensive according to the use made of it." How the taxpayers of thirty-three nations must rejoice when a "Daniel comes to judgment"! Again the Chairman of the League of Nations, in his address of welcome to the Turks, said: "I salute in you, the Turkish nation illustrious in history." How illustrious let Greece and Armenia tell! Courtesy is an excellent thing that should not be made ridiculous, nor should truth be outraged in its name.

Nevertheless, there was eloquence in plenty at Lille—the eloquence that is due to clarity of thought in the service of a disinterested aim. It was akin to the supreme eloquence of the "Te Deum."

The whole series was a development of the teaching of the most recent papal encyclicals, stressing the fact that justice, charity and coöperation are the means that must be employed for the common good of society. Cardinal Liénart called upon all Catholics to make themselves propagandists, by practising these virtues resolutely, and thus exercise a decisive and beneficient influence on their times. After expounding the sublime unity of the Church, he said:

> But it is not sufficient that it exists, it must enter into action. All members that participate in the divine life have a function to fulfill for the common good. Can it be conceived that Christians who work together for the edification and enrichment of the supernatural order, can by a strange inconsistency not coöperate in temporal affairs? Do we not see, on the contrary, that we Catholics living in the world owe the world the sovereign beneficent influence of the fraternity that unites us? Being in the milieu of the modern world, we are called upon to spread the idea of union and universal collaboration and give the first example. Our charity must manifest itself in our works in a positive manner in doing good even to our enemies. Such is the Christian thought, such is the impulse given to our hearts by the charity of God diffused upon them by the Holy Spirit.

The international coöperation urged here, it may be seen, has no relation to the sentimental nonsense of the Third International, but is solidly based on the law of God. The legitimate rights, liberties and frontiers of nations must be respected, as well as the rights of the family and the individual. Our liberties are necessarily limited by the rights of others. Here justice must be the deciding factor, not selfishness, cupidity or power. The Church puts the common good above the interest of the individual. All this means sacrifice for many. But members of the Church have never been strangers

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to sacrifice since its Founder offered up His life on Calvary. Sacrifice is part of God's mysterious plan.

Every one of the disquieting conditions that distress the world is due to disobedience to the laws of charity and justice. Grievous as is the economic chaos, it is not as serious as the world crisis—the disorientation of minds poisoned by false ideas, the dearth of sterling character—character in conformity with the dignity of man as a being created by God for an eternal destiny. It is vain to hope that the economic maladies that distress the world will ever be remedied until their principal cause—that is, their moral cause—is removed.

The Semaine Sociale de Lille, in calling upon all Catholics to conquer the passions that divide, constantly quoted the authority of the luminous encyclicals and the apostolic zeal of Our Holy Father Pius XI gloriously reigning. Would that all were as attentive to the voice of the Church. Catholicism as a life never impresses me so happily anywhere as it does in France. There it is no passive thing as it often is elsewhere, but something extremely vital and active. It withstands much contradiction and injustice from within and without, with patience, dignity and a supreme confidence in God. One need but see how the churches are cared for, and the Catholic press, various good works, the Foreign Missions and the Propagation of the Faith are supported, to know how courageous French Catholics are under difficulties. It is a mistake to judge a country by its politicians and what one reads in the newspapers. The things that really matter rarely make what is called news. Even the politicians are not exactly as the newspapers portray them. Atheism is now considered old-fashioned, and is no longer an occasion of pride. With few exceptions Frenchmen realize, whether they like or not, that the only thing that never goes out of fashion is the Catholic Church, which is ever old and ever new, being the Mystical Body of Him Who said, "Before Abraham was I am."

Tradition plays a tremendous part in French life. The *ancien régime* is never forgotten and is often appealed to by those who are its logical enemies. Caillaux in defending his tax policy said it was but that of the *ancien régime* under similar conditions. What he failed to say, however, was that the *Roi Soleil* was distressed to have to ask 10 percent of his people's incomes to pay war debts, while modern governments without any qualms whatever would take all but 10 percent.

The affair of the Action Française, though unfortunate for many souls, was a good thing for the Church, as it cut off the mere nominal Catholics whose politics controlled their religion to such an extent that politics became their sole religion, and religious functions but the beauty and decorum associated with a certain régime of government.

A tree does not lose its living branches; it is the dead twig that falls or must be cut off. It is the same with the Church; it does not lose the pure of heart and intention. The Church could spare some of the strange products that thrive also in the garden of democracy to whom religion is but a word to be used as a political asset upon occasion. Under cover of the word patriotism, they propagate a narrow nationalism based on hatred of other nations and contrary to the beneficient order that should reign in the great human family. They call everyone a traitor who does not believe in their particular brand of patriotism. If they cannot find a sufficient grievance in the present to kick up a row about, they dig up the errors and vices of the past, and in the name of revenge perpetuate them. How much better it would be to leave vengeance to the Lord and look to the present and its needs. If all who were defeated or suffered injustice in the past were seeking revenge, France would be anathematizing England, and England the United States, and so on throughout the world. Antagonism begets antagonism. There is so much talk about race in some countries that it might be thought that each one was a separate creation. It is necessary to remember that really there is but one race —the human race—and it is a fallen one.

As was said at the Semaine Sociale de Lille, there are partizans in all nations.

> There is a national selfishness that is harder to overcome than individual selfishness. Some men who would not for anything in the world in their family and social relations allow personal pride to make them refuse to pardon injuries, or have recourse to force to resolve their differences, find it altogether natural that nations should act otherwise. One would say to hear them speak that what is vice for individuals is virtue for states.

Listening to the able speakers, it was easy to see how well the world might be governed if it were stripped of its prejudice, selfishness and cupidity. The necessity and duty of sacrifice, coöperation and the putting of the common good above that of the individual in the family, the state and the world were the points emphasized. Plainly the restoration of society demands a heroism to which the modern world is a stranger. Repeating the constant and universal teaching of the Church, the men of Lille have shown the way to save our civilization. It is not an easy way, but there is no other.

The educational and spiritual worth of the Semaines Sociales de France is of inestimable value to the Church and consequently to the country. But is was not that alone that made the Semaine Sociale de Lille memorable. Rather it was an atmosphere. An atmosphere too imponderable to be easily conveyed by words, though it was all-pervading and will always be remembered as a great reality. In it one knew that no difficulty is insoluble where good-will, justice and charity are in command. It exemplified the great ideal of Catholic Action as it exists in the mind of the Holy Father, and portrayed the psychological power of a vast assemblage of men and women in the state of grace, remembering all that is implied in the tremendous fact that "the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

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SAN BERNARDINO

By ANNE RYAN

THE CONVENT-CHURCH of San Bernardino in the village of Petra, Mallorca, is the one from which Junipero Serra set out on his journeys of conversion. It is intimately connected with the first settlements and the missions of California, for in those far places he remembered vividly of this church the shape, the colors, the dimness, the arches, the faces of its saints, the mantles of its two images of the Virgin, one painted in gold and the other covered with flowers. Cities are named for its altars; valleys, groves, and chapels are but the litany of it transplanted. Still the knowledge of what those altars look like, what saints, what angels are there, is fantastic and obscure.

Living a month in Petra, one is astonished how many people visit it in order to see for themselves the birthplace, the monastery, the convent-church where Serra preached.

San Bernardino is one of those fortunate places that has been left undisturbed for three hundred years. It is a church of the Spanish renaissance, flat-roofed, and having a *campanario* in one corner; this slender tower cut near the top by four arched windows, one on each face, is crowned with a salmon-colored balcony and an octagonal cupola of the same shadings, each of the eight angles studded exactly by a knob on raised bases, as if the coronet of a countess had been copied in angel-coral, enlarged, and embellished, and placed, in order to bring out every luster, against that miraculously changing cushion of uncut velvet which is the sky.

The walls are made of sharp ocher rocks so roughly set and plastered, so harsh and jumbled, that with years the surface has taken on a tapestry appearance, its dull yellows and reds knotted against the green of its moss, the mauve of its shadows, the citron of its stainings. At the base of the renaissance doorway the sandstone is weathered and pitted exactly as stone is along a sea cliff; the round swirling of some waves, the timeless gnawing of three hundred years, is there. The actual wood of its portal is a grey and ribbed surface of ancient timber; the iron hinges and studding have grown with the moss into one surface; near the floor the paneling is rugged as though, with the kicks it received throughout so many winters, and the pushing and shoving of peasants on Sundays, it had given way at the baseboard, but with no more disgrace than a coat of mail which is tattered or an implement of the field, a plow or a sickle, which is nicked and twisted, only because they have been vigorously used.

The lighting of this church is unusual. The architect-monks of San Bernardino used again that most sublime effect of lighting known to aesthetes, that of a single aperture placed above the doorway so that the light appears to enter as the worshiper enters and from a source not immediately perceived. There is only one small window; it is above the choir and of perfectly white glass. The pale, cold beams strike coldly upon the blues that are so predominant, the blue in the murals near the altar, the deep blue of the tiles, the blue medallions of the exquisite pulpit, and at last fully upon the antique gold of the retable, illumining in an oblique manner the side altars of the nave. Besides a few candles there is no other lighting.

Inside the door above the vestibule is the choir, and the wide span of its low arch is identical with the same arch at Carmel. The floor is of uneven grey stone. Over the side doorways, one of which is walled up, for it led out on a cloister now in ruins, are two small balconies, the lattices painted and gilded, charming as if they were meant for a diminutive royalty, and prepared by the monks in their humility to be visited some fabulous day, not by consorts or very wide ladies, but by Infantas and their special, particular courts. Only the front part of the nave has any benches, and there are the Spanish *bancos*—simply four hand-hewn tree trunks fitted to each base beam to make narrow, low benches, the deep polish of whose surface is the wear of three hundred years. Men alone are permitted the use of them; the women kneel on the dim floor under the choir and always in that changing and haphazard fashion which is so much more exact than any predetermined order, just the same as clusters of some wonderful fruit in an arbor is more faultless than the same arranged in a box. For comfort the women carry with them rush chairs or folding stools; veils fall over their shoulders; shawls spread when they move, like opening or closing fans.

At first because of the surrounding darkness the main altar is indistinct, but later, lovely with angels holding back curtains and saints with banners in their hands, it is seen to be totally of wood-carving overlaid with gold. With years the heads, faces, rosy infants and garlanded columns have been patined and mellowed; in coppery tints and iridescent streakings, in young fires burning into violet shadings, the gold has aged. Beneath the center arch stands the Purissima; her blue mantle is gathered into a knot to the left side over a long tunic of flowery brocade; her crown fits snugly, an immense aureole of twelve stars circles behind her shoulders. Her hands are clasped to one side over the knot in the mantle as though, interrupted in her own devotions when she heard someone speaking beneath her feet, she had drawn her hands aside a little in order to look down; a graceful, tender Virgin, inclining, listening, a woman above, powerful and secure. On the right niche, slightly below her, stands San Juan de Capestrino. San Bernardino stands in the center, above.

The other saints for which the missions are named are on the side altars of the nave. Because of the lighting there is no way to see them but by holding a candle aloft. The sacristan lights a processional torch, and one after the other faces long forgotten receive for an instant, like an offering of yellow flowers, a frail bouquet of light, and then go back again into a darkness which seems to be as hinged and solid as the closing of a door.

San Gabriel is a painting enshrined on the first altar; San Diego is on the side of the second shrine. In this painting with its long body, tiny head, and severe flat treatment of the habit, this saint is a completely Spanish figure. The face is raised and sublimely spiritual; he is as if walking, and has a rosary in his hand. Santa Barbara is a tiny picture. She was remembered perhaps by Serra, not so much for this obscure miniature, but because she is a household saint in Petra.

San Francisco is the statue in the third altar. He is shown receiving the stigmata. The six mystical wings of the Franciscans surround the cross above him.

In the hollowed-out cave under the choir is the wooden group of the Nativity. Here peasants come to look at San José of Guadalupe. It was after this saint that Serra named a town for Spaniards but no Indian mission.

Santa Clara is the first altar near the choir on the right side of the nave. This central figure painting of an abbess is so faded that, no matter what angle the candle moves in, only the face in its white coif and the faintly golden crosier are visible—perhaps if it were restored the delicate beauty of the figure would be outlined; she is forgotten and the intangible fact of oblivion seems to have become an actual veil, adding infinitely to the sadness of her face and the darkness there.

San Antonio is a central statue in the west chapel. His slender, fragile trunk is boyish. A doll-like Christ no taller

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than six inches stands on his open book. There is no ecstacy, merely the gazing of a mystic on another purity.

San Francisco Solano, the apostle of Peru, is represented in a fine portrait. He is on the left of the next altar. From chronicles we are sure that it was before this picture that Serra made two novenas before he set out. It is very dim.

As the candle moves to the next shrine, moves in the gold niche to the studded renaissance ceiling around the figures of cherubs and at last to the face of a Virgin praying, one with her clasped hands showing no distraction and her magnificent robe shining with yellow medallions, a city springs into memory —a powerful city perhaps completely unaware of the beautiful Virgin of its name. She stands there, all her golden beauty, which will presently go back into shadow, living for a moment in the wrinkling light of a candle. It is a moving vision. Because of silence the sacristan, thinking that nothing has been understood, whispers a word which sounds like the ringing of bells, "Los Angeles," and explains that this was the altar so loved by Serra that, not daring to name after its Virgin which in his mind's eye was so exact and golden, its glories spoken, its loveliness recounted, he remembered the angels which surrounded it and called the new foundation after these.

San Buenaventura is a statue of a cardinal on the last altar.

In San Bernardino nothing has been copied. It is a church which fits marvellously and securely into its setting; the dwellings of its village are of the same date; its walls and all the houses, windmills, corrals and fences are of ocher stone. Coming out of its portal, the wood of the doorway matches exactly in age and weathering the one across the road. Petra is an ancient settlement preserved purely and simply into our own time.

As it stands today, San Bernardino is wistful. What suns it has received are entirely visible; between the beams of its sacristy daylight is clear; birds nest in the holes from which stones have fallen; in winter it is cold, cold with great draughts; and its cloister is completely in ruins. The convent that once looked out on that space where the monks walked is now divided into dwellings. Serra's well is still there, like the hub of a wheel whose spokes are the walls between corrals. There is a great deal that is neglected and helpless about this place that was once so sure and warm—neglected and helpless with something of the air of an old Spanish laborer one is apt to meet on the highway, walking slowly, with his face set against the rain, his frayed blanket over his shoulders, his tattered basket drooping over his arms.

Sanctuary

There was a saint in Ireland, once, who held
The birds in reverence, calling them to nest
Upon his shoulder when a tree was felled,
Giving to each the shelter of his breast.
For him a host of happy songs were sung,
And where he passed the summer came once more
To blackened boughs, and all the earth was young,
And holy peace entered the lowliest door.

This is a cold land. We forget the ways
Of simple men and what their words reveal,
Doubting the truth of unfamiliar things,
Spending on foolish parables our praise.
Yet shall we not receive the Dove, and feel
Against our hearts the softly folded wings?

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

COMMUNICATIONS

SAINT THOMAS TODAY

Omaha, Neb.

TO the Editor: In the October 5 issue of THE COMMONWEAL appears a review of "Contemporary Philosophy and Thomistic Principles," the new and widely acclaimed work by Dr. Rudolph G. Bandas. The review is interesting and informative albeit brief. The reviewer's evident sincerity appeals to me because it is that of a layman who, too (sic), is keeping his eyes open for possible literary bridges which can span the chasm separating the contemporary philosophical schools of thought from Scholasticism, i.e., Thomism. The reviewer correctly hails Dr. Bandas's contribution as "a valuable step in this direction." It is when the reviewer makes a suggestion for the furtherance and extension of the bond of understanding between modern philosophical theories and Neo-Scholasticism by the introduction of modern terminology instead of that of Scholasticism, and vice versa, that I raise my eyebrows. Years ago the same suggestion was proffered and adopted by the Titan of modern Scholasticism, Cardinal Mercier. But even though so eminent a personage backed the innovation, it did not work. Although the Cardinal did his level best, for instance, in translating *species intelligibilis* into "intellectual determinant," time has proven that the Neo-Scholastics have not taken to this novelty. We cannot supplant with modern terminology the language of Scholasticism which has been consecrated by centuries of usage. Again, the modern Catholic philosopher or theologian is loathe to experiment with new modes of expression for philosophical principles which underly dogmatic definitions, and this for perfectly obvious reasons. As a matter of fact, why should we use terminology that pleases the moderns, when we cannot understand their own—and they use choice English. The proven language of Scholasticism is far clearer, simpler and more intelligible than the peculiar and vague terminology employed, for example, by A. Whitehead, the beacon light of modern philosophy in this country. I quote from "Contemporary Philosophy and Thomistic Principles" (page 391) to exemplify Whitehead's strange use of words. He describes God as "dipolar." "The primordial nature is conceptual, the consequent nature is the weaving of God's physical feelings upon his primordial concepts. . . . [God's] conceptual experience is the primordial fact in the world, limited by no actuality, which it presupposes. It is, therefore, infinite, devoid of all negative prehensions." Give me Saint Thomas and Suarez and Bellarmine in preference to Whitehead and his ilk. The Scholastics never permitted their words to run ahead of themselves.

There is another point in Mr. Ernest Moody's review which is worthy of discussion. After duly recognizing the high merits of Dr. Bandas's book, he pleads for "more detailed studies of contemporary philosophical schools." But, my dear Sir, what publishing house cares to undertake so hazardously cultural and scientific a risk as printing such studies? Certainly none of our Catholic houses (and the others are no better). They want popularized philosophy, thin theology and stuff as nearly like the record-breaking qualities of "The Mystery of the Murdered Sparrow" as possible. There are educated Catholics and non-Catholics who would appreciate specializations by occurrent Catholic scholars, but where are the Catholic publishing houses? Instead of considering it their duty to boost sound and sane scholarship by spreading the results of its findings they look only to the profit side of their ledgers. When we get a real publishing house (Catholic or not) in this country with the

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enlightened spirit and progressive policies which characterize so many European firms, then we will herald the writings which our highly educated Doctors of Philosophy and Theology are fully capable of putting out but not so sure of having printed. I dare say many beautiful and learned and interesting theses lay, forlorn and alone, on the bookshelves of philosopher-priests who can find no publishing house that will assume the risk(?) of printing them.

FRANCIS WARD SUFFIELD.

A COMPLETE CATECHISM

Milford, Ohio.

TO the Editor: May I be so bold as to question a statement that appeared in a review of "The Catholic Catechism" in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL? This is the statement: "In almost every case the questions and answers are stated in a language easily understood by the children for whom they are intended."

Is that statement correct? I have had occasion to discuss the wording of various catechisms with priests, Brothers and Sisters from all parts of the United States, but I have found no one actually engaged in the work of teaching who would say that the language of "The Catholic Catechism" would be "easily understood" by the little children that he or she teaches.

Part One of "The Catholic Catechism" is the catechism for little children who are to be admitted to First Communion in accordance with the decree "Quam Singulari" of Pope Pius X. Hence, let us see if Part One is adapted to a child of seven. Here are a few quotations:

"(2) What do you mean by the word 'God'?

"By the word 'God' I mean a most pure spirit, infinite in all perfections, Who created all things in heaven and earth.

"(7) Does God see all things?

"God sees all things, even those which will come to pass by the free action of creatures, their heart's affections and secret thoughts.

"(20) What sins must we confess in the Sacrament of Penance?

"In the Sacrament of Penance we must confess all mortal sins committed after Baptism, and it is useful also to confess venial sins, also mortal sins which have been already directly remitted."

My contention is that neither Part One nor Part Two of "The Catholic Catechism" can be "easily understood" even by a child of ten. Expressions like those found in (7) and (20) would not be understood at all.

In saying this, I hope I shall not be thought lacking in respect either to one of the Church's greatest cardinals or one of our country's leading educators. I wish it to be observed that I object to the words "easily understood." I join most sincerely with the learned reviewer in extolling the real merits of the book. As yet, there seems to be no general obligation to use this Catechism in elementary schools. Cardinal Gasparri himself in a letter addressed to Count Dalla Torre says, "Every bishop is free to adopt it or not adopt it in the teaching of catechism." Still, I wish to go on record as most heartily recommending its use as a book of study and reference to every teacher of religion. It provides a background, the value of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. But, to place any part of it in the hands of small children, in the belief that it will prove a practical text with language that is easily understood, will most likely prove a big disappointment.

REV. ALOYSIUS J. HEEG, S.J.

DISTRIBUTISM AGAIN

Kenosha, Wis.

TO the Editor: To allow Mr. Chesterton to propose Distributism to Americans proves that THE COMMONWEAL is not dead—far from it. It must have sounded like heresy to American capitalistic ears. Imagine a Londoner telling us to scrap our system of things, and turn back the clock to old ideals! Readers of *G. K.'s Weekly* and his "Outline of Sanity" are acquainted with Mr. Chesterton's practical plan for social and economic readjustment. It means going back to democratic principles. We are not tired of democracy; we have never found enough to get tired of. In fact, we are weary of waiting for it.

But surely by this time, we have lost our old childlike faith in our industrial system. The rosy day when we hoped that capitalism would establish a free people is at an end. However, I suppose its two parties (the Democratic and Republican) will linger on indefinitely, and worse than useless in solving our difficulties.

Mr. Belloc once said, "I would no more part with the idea of property than with my teeth." Capitalism is not a tooth but a toothache. And to leave it in or have it out, that's the question. "Everybody a capitalist" still is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

In the meantime, there is no reason why the main ideas of distributism should not win the approval of most Americans. These ideas harmonize with our best characteristics: our sense of fairness, our humanitarianism, our democracy, our spirit of initiative, our opposition to Communism, our love of home, and our love of liberty. If a considerable group of men first made themselves masters, and then apostles, of this wise and noble social doctrine, a practical rebuilding of America would begin.

Just now we are in the state of indifference and apathy. We neither love capitalism, nor do we hate it. We are just bored to death. But why fraternize with that pale disease of American Socialism! What we need is a dose of good old Democratic measles. Get the doctor to tell us more about it.

F. A. MCALLISTER.

A CRISIS OF THE CHURCH

Highland Park, Mich.

TO the Editor: In a recent issue of your excellent review (October 26) you quote a professor at a Catholic college as asking what Catholic paper, magazine or review has taken up the cause of the farmer. Then he adds the sweeping and unwarranted assertion that "week after week our various organs submit their pages to eager readers with no more reference to the state of agriculture in this alarming crisis than if this particular industry had never existed as a factor in the economic life of our people."

Has the good professor never heard of or read the organ of the Catholic Central Verein, *Central Blatt and Social Justice,* which for more than twenty years has consistently championed the welfare of the farmer in accordance with the well-rounded out program of the Central Verein? Its editor, Frederick P. Kenkel, K.S.G., was for many years editor of the Catholic daily, *Amerika* (now defunct), and championed the farmer's cause as well as that of the worker and business man in his columns. Joseph Matt, through the *Wanderer* (English and German editions) of St. Paul has for more than thirty years stressed the farm problem and the importance of its solution from a Christian viewpoint. The *Catholic Daily Tribune* of Dubuque and its predecessor, the weekly *Tribune,* in season and out of season devoted much space to agriculture and questions

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of Catholic rural life for the past thirty years. In addition to numerous articles by Nicholas E. Gonner, now deceased, and entire series by special contributors, I wrote many articles myself.

May I also note that, as editor of the *Michigan Catholic,* I have regularly kept before our readers the fact that farming is the most fundamental of industries and that, with immigration shut off, the Catholic Church in our country will be more and more dependent on country parishes for growth and progress? Ten years ago when auto kings and others in this motor capital of the world boasted that the automobile industry had become the leading industry, displacing even steel, building, transportation and farming, the *Michigan Catholic* predicted that, though the wheels of our factories were humming overtime, agriculture remained the most important industry, and the day would come when our captains of industry and superficial politicians posing as statesmen would rue their neglect of agriculture in pursuit of a paper prosperity and concentration of wealth. That day is here now.

Besides the papers and editors mentioned, others could be listed among those who have for decades stressed the great need of prosperous agriculture both to the Church and the State. If the Catholic press, as a whole, has not given proper attention to the problem, this does not warrant the charge of the professor quoted in your article. Incidentally, it might be stated that the Central Verein, which has for decades endeavored to promote Catholic opinion on all phases of the social question, gave the first decided impetus to organized Catholic Action on a larger than parochial scale at its convention in Dubuque, Iowa, in 1907. That session, which was attended by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Bonzano (later a cardinal), has as its slogan, "To Restore All Things in Christ."

ANTHONY J. BECK.

WHY NOT A KINGDOM OF IRELAND?

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: Does not J. C. D. Whelan manifest an irrational fear, that is unhappily all too common among Catholics, when he suggests a kingdom for Ireland? His justification for the proposal is that "in the nature of things a government of the Left will in the long run be almost bound to fall foul of the Church."

He does not claim that a monarchy would be a better form of government than a republic, so the only consideration, apparently, is the welfare of the Church. Now I agree that we do not want an era of persecution of the Church in Ireland, but I challenge Mr. Whelan's claim that a monarchy would offer the least bit more protection, reminding him, in passing, that Henry VIII of England was "Defender of the Faith." Furthermore, I hazard the prophecy that if Ireland's tendency is that of a republic of the Left, one of the surest ways to provoke persecution would be for the Church to assume an enmity and proceed to work against such a government.

It would be well for those Catholics who are too easily alarmed to realize that there are many issues among men which are not covered specifically by revelation or doctrine, and that, on various vital subjects, contradictory points of view may be held, neither side of which is offensive to religion. Being somewhat of a "left-winger" myself, and not less a Catholic because of that, I recommend that the greatest safeguard of the Church against persecution by the Left can be achieved by having numerous and representative communicants among the Left.

E. W. KELLY.

THE "CORPUS JURIS"

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor: Recently, as an active trial lawyer, I received a request from Dr. Francis Brennan, who holds the chair of canon law at St. Charles Borromeo Seminary, Philadelphia, for information concerning a good English translation of the "Corpus Juris Civilis." After search, with the help of Judge John Marshall Gest, I was obliged to advise him that no complete English translation, good or bad, exists of this ancient Roman work, which is the foundation of the civil law in all English-speaking countries.

What an omission! Lawyers and scholars who wish to delve into, and to understand, the foundations of all our legal philosophy are frustrated. All Roman law was technical, much of its Latin is archaic and the syntax difficult. It is not read easily even by good scholars.

A good, complete English translation of the old Roman civil law should be made. The work should be undertaken by the understanding hands and minds of skilled Latinists. It would be more than a lifetime work of one man. It would require years of devotion. Which brings me to the point.

Why could not such work be undertaken by some of the orders in the Catholic Church? When we find priests climbing over glaziers, into volcanos, searching the stars, and researching in pathology, why should we not find others undertaking the monumental work here suggested?

Here indeed is a golden opportunity to produce a needful basic work in which culture and scholarship could supply an understood and available background for the ordered life of all English-speaking countries. Many generations would be obliged to turn back to consult such a work. It is our legal Old Testament.

May I, through your magazine, call this project to the attention of the orders, or the ecclesiastical authorities? The possible value of it intrigues the imagination. Here is an overlooked opportunity to put English-speaking civilization greatly in debt to the devotion and scholarship in which the Catholic Church specializes.

FRANK W. MELVIN.

A GUIDE TO GOOD READING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your readers will be glad to know that we have a new and an unusually reliable guide to good new literature in the *American Spectator,* which has just made its bow.

The editors of this newcomer are Theodore Dreiser, George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd and James Branch Cabell —all names redolent of that infallible critical faculty which can discern beneath any amount of "protective coloration" the good, the beautiful and the true, "and bring it to public attention."

It is the announced intention of the editors to select one book each month as an outstanding production, announcing its selection as "The Month's Worst Book," and THE COMMONWEAL'S readers can feel entirely safe in accepting the judgment expressed in full reliance that they will find in the volume thus distinguished something good and something true and probably something beautiful as well. For this gratitude is due to the editors, and I hereby offer mine.

Incidentally, I may note that the first selection is Mr. Chesterton's "Chaucer"—an obvious "bull's-eye."

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Dark Hours

OVERWHELMING sincerity animates every moment of this play of the Passion by Don Marquis—a play that has been many long years in reaching professional presentation, although it has already been given by societies, including, if I remember correctly, the players of Cathedral College in New York. Lodewick Vroom is the present sponsor, and the staging and direction have been lovingly handled by the author's wife, the former Marjorie Vonnegut.

The author has written an account of how he came to build the idea for this play. In that account, he says: "I had never seen the Oberammergau or any of the other Passion plays, but I always imagined that they must be boring and slow-moving. I thought that the subject could be made into a play that was fast-moving and to the point." He then goes on to explain that the first form of the play was a single scene, depicting the trial of Jesus from the courtyard of the high priest, and that the other four scenes flowed from this. Now, in spite of the utter sincerity of "The Dark House," I feel that Mr. Marquis was distinctly the loser in not having seen first the famous Oberammergau production. He would have learned from that the vast cumulative strength of deliberate simplicity and loving narration. The experience—for an Oberammergau production is distinctly a soul-searching experience—would probably have tempted him to modify a certain tinge of hysteria which pervades some of the scenes of "The Dark Hours" and to restrain slightly that very fast-moving tendency which he sought. The only serious criticism to be made of "The Dark Hours" is that it hurries certain episodes to the appreciable loss of dignity, and that in seeking to extract the last ounce of human drama from the story of those who witnessed or took part in the Passion, it yields to the hysteria of revivalism in a way that does not fit a conception of the serene dignity of Christ's teaching and influence.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Marquis could argue that the actions of the mob and even of many of the Apostles could be explained only on the assumption that until true enlightenment came to them later on, they were confused between their thoughts of a King of the Jews and One Whose kingdom was not of this earth. Certainly Mr. Marquis tries to give more than a hint of this in the scene he gives to Mary Magdalene during the trial before the high priest. She starts to speak in a tone of religious hysteria until she meets the Master's eyes. Then her spirit suddenly becomes calm, as she understands that He must suffer alone.

My point is simply this—that a little more of the quiet dignity of the Oberammergau treatment would have added to the inner strength of "The Dark Hours" without in any way lessening its dramatic impact.

Although Mr. Marquis does not avoid entirely the presence of Christ in the play, he manages in most of the scenes to have the person of Christ just out of view of the audience. In the Garden of Olives, Christ moves among His apostles, but in a light so dim that only His figure can be seen. This treatment reserves to each person in the audience his or her own conception. This is vastly better than any attempt either to find an actor capable of playing the part or to force upon an audience a physical concept at variance with individual inner feelings and images. At Oberammergau, of course, the legend surrounding the players' own lives goes far to remove the prejudice against an actor's impersonation. The players there approach their task with a monastic reverence. The illusion is never disturbed by thoughts of the same player in other and far less exalted parts. The only way in which our theatre could possibly depart from its present careful avoidance would be through selecting for the part someone utterly unknown, and someone whose name would not even appear on the program. But even that would not achieve the full Oberammergau dignity and its aloofness from other confusing aspects of theatrical life.

Aside from the general fact that Mr. Marquis, through careful selection of incident and contrast, has produced a play of genuine dramatic power, possibly the chief interest of the spectator will center in the highly individualized and careful studies of Judas, Peter and Pilot. Judas is a tumult of conflicting emotions, a man torn to shreds between love and hate, too proud to submit himself entirely to the Master, and justifying the rebellion of his pride with the thought that the Master has betrayed his peace of soul. His distraught but agile mind is forever searching reasons to justify what he wants to do, yet, at the very moment of finding a reason, a voice within tells him that he loves Christ even as he hates Him. Judas is a man possessed, with a never-ending struggle which his pride will not let him solve through surrender. And let this be added concerning the present production—that Hugh Miller's acting of Judas is one of the finest and most complete exhibitions of true artistry that has been seen on our stage in many long years. His masterly restraint, his eloquent use of posture, line and gesture and his fine intuitive understanding of the tumult he must portray are among the incomparable things which may at rare times be seen in the theatre. It only confirms an opinion I have several times expressed that Mr. Miller is one of our best living actors and an artist.

Mr. Marquis's Peter also departs from oversimple lines. He, too, tries to find reasons for his inexplicable temptations and cowardice. He would have known how to die fighting—but he was bidden to lay down his sword. His manhood, he tries to tell himself, was taken from him with his sword, and he was not given the power of a god in its place. There is a majestic irony in the moment when Judas and Peter are left alone in the courtyard after the trial. Judas wishes he could have had the fidelity of Peter. Peter, knowing his own betrayal, breaks into the tears which were to wash his soul until the coming of the Paraclete. Pilot, too, is a torn man, but more in the accepted tradition of the character.

One more thing must be said. The play ends with the death upon the cross, with thunder hovering over Jerusalem but the light of divine grace shining from the cross itself upon the faithful watchers. Through this contrast, and the words uttered by John, the author has managed to convey the spirit of the resurrection and deathlessness even at the moment of death. The "majestic instancy" of that light carries forward into an eternity of hope. There will be many minor criticisms of this play, among them the choice of a speaker for the words of Christ whose voice is a shade too light and colloquial to carry the full illusion. But even the most sceptical will probably admit that Mr. Marquis has dared much and wrought well in his fine purpose and in his unabating reverence. (At the New Amsterdam Theatre.)

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BOOKS

The Youngster's Library

ONCE a year, in this place, we take a look at the books written for children. This time the supply is a trifle smaller than usual, and I am told that even so the publishers are dubiously wondering if they will break even. Far too few parents in the United States pay much attention to what their sons and daughters read, beyond taking a hasty glance at what is brought home from libraries to see if there is anything "naughty." Usually there isn't, because the nation is fortunate enough to possess editors and librarians who take a more conscientious interest in the little readers than do fathers or mothers. Yet much current juvenile literature is objectionable, not often on moral grounds but frequently for reasons of taste, point of view and information. The following survey is designed to be merely a cursory look at selected volumes taken from those sent us for review.

History seems to be ultra-smart for older youngsters. It can be written directly, for instance, as in H. C. Knapp-Fisher's "Outline of World History for Boys and Girls" (E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $3.00). This is a remarkably fluent and interesting book, by an English writer, which devotes most of its space to primitive and ancient history. Unfortunately the Catholic parent will have to be on his guard against it. The author's attitude is that of a reverent agnostic who writes: "We do not know how this wonderful movement of suns and stars in space began" and "Nobody knows how life began." Creation equals evolution. Our Lord is dealt with respectfully, but in a modernist manner. Such things as indulgences, or such events as the Reformation, are defined in a non-Catholic way. But would that someone would write just such a book for the children of the Church, and would that parents would then purchase it! One wish seems, alas, as pious as the other.

Or history may be utilized as the background of stories about human beings. Thus two writers have made interesting use of early American life. "Debby Barnes, Trader," a tale of Pennsylvania in Indian days, is by Constance Lindsay Skinner and has this writer's usual charm and richness of historical knowledge. All types of settler—English, German, Quaker—appear in a sprightly narrative the core of which is a very good love story (The Macmillan Company. $2.00). Rachel Field's "Calico Bush" is laid in pioneer Maine, and the heroine is a young French servant girl who seems as sweet as she is brave and resourceful (The Macmillan Company. $2.50). Indians provide a good deal of excitement, and the children whom Marguerite has to take care of do the rest. There are a few interesting engravings by Allen Lewis.

The Civil War period figures in two new books. "Remember and Forget," by Julia Davis Adams, is by a woman who has written quite a little about Southern history (E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). "It was the April of 1861," the scene was the Shenandoah Valley, and soon enough the Yanks were coming. There is much interesting detail about home life under such conditions, a good plot—and the same old beautiful sob story. This is for older girls. In "The Railroad to Freedom" Hildegarde Hoyt Swift has told the story of Harriet Tubman, a Negro slave who escaped and helped hundreds of her fellow Negroes to freedom (Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). This is a spirited and historically valuable book, but there is too much of it. James Daugherty, in a mood somewhat less baroque than usual, has illustrated it.

American literary history gets a mention in Hildegarde Hawthorne's "Romantic Rebel: The Story of Nathaniel Hawthorne." This book is by no means a mere simplification of some standard biography. It is very well done, indeed, derives material from many sources and is particularly illuminating on the subject of Hawthorne's early days. The pictures by W. M. Berger are, perhaps, a bit conventional (Century Co. $2.50).

If we were to pin a blue ribbon on a new story for girls, we should select for the honor "Rosalita," by Lovell Beall Triggs, which completes its store of good things by having a wealth of very, very delightful illustrations by Weda Yap. We wish both author and artist many happy birthdays (Century Co. $2.00). Rosalita is a little Spanish girl in (of course) old California. She wants two things badly: a doll and a husband for her older sister. How she acquires both is the plot of a book which does not, however, depend upon plot for its charm. Younger readers will enjoy it; the background is Catholic.

Italian lore provides Louis Untermeyer with material for an excellent book of legends retold with dashes of travel-talk (Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50). The subject-matter ranges from *torrone* to the Wolf of Gubbio, and Mr. Untermeyer has a good time all the way. There are pictures, and bright ones too, by James MacDonald, but most of the fare is provided by the author. One's sole fear is that the book is a little too sophisticated for young mortals. Spanish history is no novelty to Dr. Frank Callcott, who teaches it and who has written "When Spain Was Young" to set forth the adventures of the following famed personages: Roderic the Goth, Bernardo dei Carpio (the enemy of the great Roland) and Fernan Gonzalez (the course of whose true love for Dona Sancha did not run smooth). The material is fascinating; and though Dr. Callcott's writing is a trifle bald, he does say what is on his mind. There are first-rate wood-cuts by Clara Skinner, a master of this medium (Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50). "Blackthorn," by Katherine Adams, is a story of love against an Elizabethan background which shifts to Ireland (The Macmillan Company. $2.00). This is a narrative without much dash, but the situations are intriguing and the charm of the English is readily felt.

There are two stories about Russia. "Nikita," by Frances Brown Phelps, is definitely on the side of "old Russia" and tells a stirring tale of a boy who loses his memory, saves a noble family from disaster, and then recovers to become a famous violinist (Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00). The writing is fairly good, the pictures by Maitland De Gongorza are suitable. The author of "Katrinka Grows Up" is not so sure whether she favors the old Russia or the new. Her name is Helen Eggleston Haskell, her heroine sees a great many things happen, and her book is a kind of fictionalized account of the revolution (E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). "The Golden Star of Halich," by Eric P. Kelly, is an historical romance of old Poland, and perhaps a sample of what a Sienkiewicz juvenile might have been (The Macmillan Company. $2.50). There are some eminently beautiful illustrations by Angela Prusznska. In "Suzanne of Belgium" we are given, for the benefit of girls, the autobiography of Suzanne Silvercruys Farnam, who had assistance in writing the book from Marion Clyde McCarroll. It tells how a Belgian girl grew up, lived through the experiences of the war, came to America and "made good" (E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). We should give a good deal to know if certain passages like the following are literally true. The author had decided to marry an American Protestant, and went to see Cardinal Mercier about it. "While," she writes, "he

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expressed his deep regret that my future husband was not a Catholic, he took a very broad-minded view of the matter. 'Suzanne,' he said to me earnestly, 'after all, the important thing is that you marry a good Christian, and I would rather see you marry a good Protestant than a bad Catholic.' "

Among the latest and very finest seasonal offerings are a number of "information books" designed for older children. These are educative without being dry, and often have the advantage of beautiful illustrating. "These United States," by Gertrude Hartman (The Macmillan Company. $5.00) is as good an example as anybody could expect to find. It is an excellently written elementary history of our country, with nothing of the text-book about it and yet filled to the brim with knowledge. The point of view is decidedly modern—that is, the chronicle of wars is cut to the bone, peace is set forth as the necessary ideal, and in the treatment of such themes as the Revolution old-time partizan bitterness is avoided without, so far as I can see, injuring patriotic sentiment. By way of criticism it may be added that the first part is better than the later chapters, and that a Catholic reader would be glad to see a little more about the nation's religious past. Yet this is in almost every sense of the term a first-class book which no parent will regret having purchased.

Somewhat similar but more imaginative is "Discovering Christopher Columbus," by Charlotte Brewster Jordan (The Macmillan Company. $3.00). A boy named Christopher goes to Spain in order to learn the story of Columbus. Kindly Spanish friends explain to him the meaning of the several sites, and of course he sees a great deal that any American youngster would be glad to behold. Quite a case is made for the debatable theory that Columbus was not a Genoese sailor but a converted Spanish Jew. This book is beautiful and fascinating as well as genuinely instructive. It should help many youngsters to deepen their knowledge of history and foreign habits. Travel to the West Indies and the South Seas is the theme of "Magic Portholes," by Helen Follett (The Macmillan Company. $2.50). A girl and her mother go off to sea, sailing on such craft as presents itself. Incidentally the girl learns a great deal about ships. The human interest aspects of such a journey are stressed throughout a breezily written narrative, which is a bit diffuse here and there but holds one's interest.

For younger children—perhaps the hardest to please and the most appreciative—the Macmillans, under the splendid leadership of Miss Seaman, have provided a number of very amusing books. "The Little Red Chair," by Marian Walker, is one of the best ($1.75). It is a collection of charmingly simple little tales, which any youngster would like to hear read, and has colorful full-page illustrations. "What Whiskers Did," by Ruth Carroll, is the story of a Scottie who inadvertently got into a rabbit's house, stayed for dinner and had a nice time ($1.25). There is no text, but the pictures tell a sufficiently coherent story. I have a fancy that older people will like this book even better than children do. In "Beasts of the Tar Pits" W. W. Robinson tells about some prehistoric animals who used to live in the United States ($1.75). Here again illustrations—drawings by Irene B. Robinson—form the heart of the volume, but there are easily understandable explanations. Verse appeals to children more than we usually realize. "Rhymes about Ourselves" is a collection of pleasant ditties by Marchette Gaylord Chute, which the author herself has illustrated ($1.25). For those a little more advanced in years there is "The Picture-Book of Rivers," drawn and written by Allan McNab, in which six famous rivers (including the Hudson and the Rhine) give the artist an opportunity of which he makes full use ($2.00). Sheer

Here be Ties that Bind

☆ ☆

and other good gifts for a man

☆

☆ This is a page crammed full of gifts that men like to receive. It's taken from our Book of Gifts which contains interesting, amusing and practical Christmas presents for your whole list. Altman gifts which means quality at the price you can best afford. Visit our 5th floor Gift Shop.

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ALSO EAST ORANGE AND WHITE PLAINS

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NEXT WEEK

WOMEN AND RELIEF, by Genevieve Garvan Brady, is one of the clearest and most forceful human documents that it has been our privilege to publish. From active, first-hand information, Mrs. Brady tells what the women of America today can do, and are doing, to see this country through its hour of trial. We all know of familiar, heroic figures of our women in the colonizing days; here, starkly convincing, is a record of the lovely common sense and heroism of our women today. It is a most reassuring message indicating that fundamentally we have the national character that will see us through our troubles. . . . History is being made before our eyes, not to the immediate comfort of anyone. That is the way with history: it is all right in books, but at first hand it is a bloody or dangerous business. Vast events in the international enonomic theatre now have the stage. In their midst, unprecedented political changes are being wrought in the United States. Charles Willis Thompson, who this week analyzes the more obvious results and meanings of the recent election, will next week interpret the extraordinary political set-up for the next four doubtful and possibly perilous months. . . . AMERICAN SOCIALISM, by Gerhard Hirschfeld, is an analysis of changes in our social institutions that anticipate in practical ways the programs of the Socialists and give them nothing to complain of except that they have not been able to apply their tag to everything in sight. . . . CATHOLIC ACTION IN DUBLIN, by Alice Curtayne, author of a brilliant life of St. Catherine and of the recently published, "Recall to Dante," tells of endearing, practical works of mercy. . . . We wish to announce now that in the near future, though not next week, we shall publish a paper of enduring importance, by the Reverend Russell Wilbur—HOW MIRACLES HAPPEN.

nonsense is the dominant characteristic of "The Pet Elephant," which James Hull has written and illustrated ($1.25). Two children who have saved their pennies buy an elephant from a circus and have a great deal of fun.

A number of what one may term "special items" are on the list. First and foremost is A. A. Milne's "The Christopher Robin Verses," a collection of poems for children, hitherto scattered about the author's prose and now gathered in the company of fine—oh, very fine—drawings by E. H. Shepard. The reviewer got so much fun out of this book that he suspects it may be just the thing for very old people, and intends to keep it in his library for possible future reference. But the children really ought to enjoy it. In his foreword the author speaks to parents, and most wisely, too. Who can resist this or almost anything else in the book:

"The Little Black Hen said,
'What will you pay,
If I lay you an egg
For Easter Day?'

"'I'll give you a Please
And a How-d'-you-do,
I'll show you the Bear
Who lives in the Zoo,
I'll show you the nettle-place
On my leg,
If you'll lay me a great big
Eastery egg.'"

"In My Zoo," by Paul Eipper (with photographs of remarkable quality), is another book about animals by one of the greatest living patrons of the zoo. Herr Eipper, for he is a German, observes carefully and writes with great effectiveness and charm. Nevertheless I think the tone is too naturalistic not to offend—possibly quite seriously—many children. At all events, books like this cannot be recommended without reservations (Viking Press. $2.50). "Handicraft for Girls" is a practical manual, written by Edwin T. Hamilton and well illustrated. It is the best book of the kind I have seen, and the instructions can be followed easily. All the crafts are there, even to the inevitable batik (Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00). W. Maxwell Reed knows how to set forth scientific facts and his "And That's Why" ought to interest the youngster—six to ten—for whom it is intended (Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25). Here are set forth, in clean and lucid prose, the basic phenomena of clouds, rain, frost, lightning and electricity.

Many, many other books have been published, and some of these will be mentioned here with just a word of comment. "Welcome Christmas!" is almost a manual of Yuletide stories, games, poems and riddles, collected by Eleanor Graham (E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00). Henry B. Lent has explained, for the benefit of younger readers, just how a train is operated. There are many pictures (The Macmillan Company. $2.00). "The Master Monkey," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, is more Oriental material, this time about the god of Hindu athletics. It doesn't appeal strongly to me (E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50). The late Mary T. Waggaman wrote many good stories for children. "Carroll Dare" is not one of the best of them, but it ought to interest many youngsters nevertheless. The story is laid in late eighteenth-century America, but the background is supplied by the French Revolution (Ave Maria Press. $1.00). "Mary Rose's Sister Bess" is another boarding-school story, by Mary Mabel

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Wirries (Benziger Brothers. $1.00). "Ellen of the Plains Country," by Stephen Morris Johnston," is a tale of the Wild West and the "vacation school," with good material pretty badly cluttered up (Benziger Brothers. $1.25). Florence E. Herrick has translated from the French of Alice Dussauze a charmingly simple story, "The Nest," which lends itself particularly well to reading aloud (The Macmillan Company. $1.00). "Ingrid's Holidays," translated from the Swedish of Signe Lindegren by Caroline Schleef, has a plain, sterling Scandinavian realism which one hopes will endear the story of Ingrid Burman who went to work in a factory during one idle summer (The Macmillan Company. $1.75). Clementia has written a fairly extensive series of books for girls, in which "New Neighbors at Bird-a-Lea" is the latest. This is healthy, "snappy" American Catholic "stuff" (Chicago: The Bookery. $1.00). Though the following little books about dogs are not necessarily intended for boys, one feels that these last might read them with pleasure: "Our Friend the Cocker Spaniel" and "Our Friend the Cairn" (E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $1.00 each). Mr. Benjamin Musser has published privately a selection from his very early work. This is entitled "Diary of a Twelve-Year Old" and is really very amusing. "General George the Great," by Sadyebeth and Anson Lowitz, is an endeavor, with the help of pictures and text, to relate the story of the Father of His Country. Unfortunately it is not nearly so funny as the authors seem to think (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $1.50). "Uncle Bill" is another of Mr. Will James's stories of a boy and his sister who learned to know life on a Western ranch. A James story is always exciting (Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00).

Now comes a real, final treat. All those young people who have read "Moby Dick" will be glad to know that in the year 1839—that is quite a few years before Melville wrote his book—J. N. Reynolds, Esq., published a short account of the same whale under the title of "Mocha Dick." This has now been published again, with very effective pictures of boats and whalers by Lowell LeRoy Balcom (Charles Scribners' Sons. $3.50). This is a genuine curiosity, a real treat, and a handsome book which older folks will be as keen to see as any reading youngster.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Everlasting No

Carlyle, by Louis Cazamian; translated by E. K. Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

PROFESSOR CAZAMIAN wrote this book twenty years ago; and it is interesting to note that at the time he already possessed most of the virtues which were to prove him a great worker in the field of comparative literature. Of course the Carlyle here envisaged is not he whom the younger English generation somewhat wrongly summons to mind—a "screamer," evilly sacrificing the artist in himself to causes, and an anti-factualist guilty of practising *Wesensschau* in a spirit of indifference to the *Wesen*. No. This is a book about a great idealist and preacher—"the man," we read, "is great, so great that he can never lose our sympathy." It is also a book which, in a now comparatively old-fashioned way, deals with its subject as an independent growth. Professor Cazamian is not concerned with ideas which were "in the air" during Carlyle's lifetime (e.g., he does not mention the tie which binds the Oxford Movement, and in particular Newman, to the doctrine of the practical will). But, in spite of all this, the book is sound, able and well-written, despite a somewhat too close adherence to French sentence structure in the translation.

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For our author, the essential Carlyle is to be sought in the crisis through which he passed during the years between 1819 and 1821, and in "Sartor Resartus." The crisis served to form and reveal an interesting character: "The fact is that the temperament of Carlyle, magnificent in its unremitting struggle with pain and grief, was not capable of the supreme heroism which is to be unaware of pain or to concede its presence only with desperate reluctance." Whether one agrees with this formula or not, it will be interesting to watch Professor Cazamian apply it to the successive moments of Carlyle's life. Similarly, his analysis of "Sartor Resartus"—to my mind the most useful part of the volume—rests upon the skill with which the motif of the "Everlasting No" is developed. "The first principle of moral life is sacrifice and renunciation. Once this principle is fixed, the trivial pitiful problem of happiness, the insanity of the age, dissolves."

Other striking chapters have to do with Carlyle's use of the French Revolution as an example to demonstrate his thesis, with his social philosophy and with his bitterly instructive last years. One great weakness is the treatment of the German influences. Superficially regarded, all is in order; but one misses deep and intuitive probing of the critic Professor Cazamian has since become. Yet all this is inconsequential compared with one's regret that the book does not, could not, envisage the debate about Carlyle which has been raging during recent years.

PAUL CROWLEY.

A Russian Princess

It Really Happened: An Autobiography, by Princess Catherine Radziwill. New York: The Dial Press. $3.00.

AMID the vast and ever-increasing flood of books dealing with the results of the Russian Revolution, the most deeply instructive and most humanly valuable are the personal stories of the participants in, or the victims of, that stupendous catastrophe. For generations, perhaps centuries to come, the political and sociological mass effects of the revolution will be studied amidst endless debates, as the world-wide influences of the Bolshevik experiment continue to affect mankind. We are likely to see a whole new science of coöperative research and criticism built up in the effort to deal with the gigantic masses of books and documents concerning Russia. Particularly is this true of the economic, military and governmental aspects of the revolution, and still more is it true of the underlying philosophical and religious causes and problems which have to be traced and studied before we can begin to understand the past history, the present situation or the probable future development of Red Russia. Nevertheless, the purely personal memoirs of individuals will maintain the same sort of uniqueness amidst the mass of statistics, studies, histories and documents, as individual souls must always retain, no matter how mechanized the world seems to become, or however greatly the impersonal forces of material action seem to affect the drama of human life. For in such books we come in contact with spiritual forces ignored or forgotten by most of the historians or sociologists who deal with the phenomena of the revolution. Very notably is this true of Princess Catherine Radziwill's highly remarkable and permanently valuable story of her own experiences—and of their lessons.

An aristocrat of aristocrats—her father, Count Adam Rzewaski, a sort of feudal semi-monarch of Southern Russia, was the intimate of four czars—Princess Radziwill passed her life until the revolution exclusively in the innermost circles of royal and aristocratic life in both Germany and Russia; whilst as a

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favorite niece of her aunt, who married Honoré Balzac, she also knew the higher circles of intellectual and literary life of Paris. But save for this latter influence, the prevailing—and to her the most natural—atmosphere was that of the royalism which existed in Berlin and St. Petersburg prior to the World War.

Happening to be in New York, a voluntary propagandist for the allied cause, when the Russian Revolution was seized by Lenin and became the Bolshevik transformation of Russia, she passed at one blow from the condition of a wealthy member of the most privileged and sheltered social caste in the world to the condition of a penniless and friendless and, for a time, bewildered outcast, a stranger in the strangest of worlds. From a palace to a Bowery lodging house, the lair of street beggars and prostitutes, in less than a few months, measured her social fall. The manner in which she sought to keep body and soul together in the maelstrom of New York's underworld is the matter of her book; but the spirit of the narrative is even more extraordinary, for it relates, in a very moving manner, how she really found her own soul.

The book is a prolonged prose "De Profundis"—"out of the depths"; not the depths of personal transgressions, but the depths of the miseries and degradations and sufferings caused by the sins of society: in particular, the sins of her own former social class. For although her horror at and detestation for Bolshevism are naturally intense, her personal experiences did not envenom her spirit, or deflect her judgment. Over and over again, as she sums up—not in a dry, didactic manner, but humanly and naturally, as part of her story—she gives witness that the callousness of heart, and the remoteness from knowing, or caring to know, the real lot of the poor, on the part of the rich and the privileged of Russia, were the most potent causes of the revolution. It is a testimony that has an application outside of Russia. How the Princess Radziwill learned this, and learned what true, tested faith in God is, and how different it is from merely conventional, superficial religion, is the inner message of her highly remarkable and vividly written book.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Mediaeval Gullibility

Medieval Faith and Fable, by J. A. MacCulloch; with a Foreword by Sir J. G. Fraser, O.M. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

CANON MACCULLOCH has brought together a collection of material illustrating the credulous and fanciful aspects of mediaeval popular belief, drawn directly from the numerous, though scattered and fragmentary, original sources. Stories and lore of fairies, demons, magic and miracles are presented along with a picture of the heretics, sceptics (for there were such), and vagabond clerics known as the Goliards, who added much gaiety to the golden age of Saint Thomas.

Apart from such explanatory remarks as are needed in the presentation of his material, the author does not indulge in commentary or in any "critical estimate" of his subject-matter. Rather he leaves it to the concrete instances of which his pages are chiefly compacted to tell their own story. As a result the book has something of the character of a compilation of legendary anecdotes and old wives' tales. But its sound historical basis, its accurate documentation, and the fact that it brings together under one cover so much varied material bearing on this one aspect of mediaeval life, should recommend it to mediaevalists and to students of folk-lore alike.

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Briefer Mention

The New Poetry; edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

ONE OPENS this new edition of Miss Monroe's now famous anthology quite expectantly, hoping to see the verse of our day as effectively represented as the "poetic revolution" was in the original collection. But there is only keen disappointment by way of reward. Miss Monroe was always the victim of her own theory of naturalism, which associated the mood of being stunned by the bigness of this continent with relative blindness to the mystical element in poetry; and the collection now offered merely proves that the theory has much the upper hand. If inclusions mean anything, Mr. Sherwood Anderson is a great poet while Mr. Chesterton is not. A rhythmic and highly adjectivized piece about war by Mr. William Closson Emery is infinitely superior to Mr. R. Ellsworth Larsson's exquisite filigree in the same medium. The lyrics of Eileen Duggan, or of Mr. Coffin, are nothing whatever beside the effusions of MacKnight Black. But what is the use of going on? Miss Monroe has a perfect right to make any anthology she likes. The only trouble is that high-school teachers and other good people will think this a definitive survey of contemporary verse, which is one among the several things it is not.

John Dryden: The Poet, the Dramatist, the Critic, by T. S. Eliot. New York: Terence and Elsa Holliday. $1.50.

THREE comparatively simplified lectures by Mr. Eliot are here reprinted in a very attractive form. The chief stress is laid upon Dryden's influence as a man who could bring order out of the linguistic and poetic chaos existing at the close of the seventeenth century. We are of course left wondering whether Dryden was not less a poet than a great—a very great—critic. Mr. Eliot himself approaches the heart of the matter when he says: "Dryden is an observer of human nature, rather than a creator." But this means only a creator of character, which the poet seldom is.

Appreciation, by William Lyon Phelps. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $1.00.

"BY APPRECIATION I mean," writes Professor Phelps, "to enjoy not only everything you possess, but also everything else." He believes that he has found this a most livable philosophy of life, and briefly outlines its technique for the benefit of others.

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